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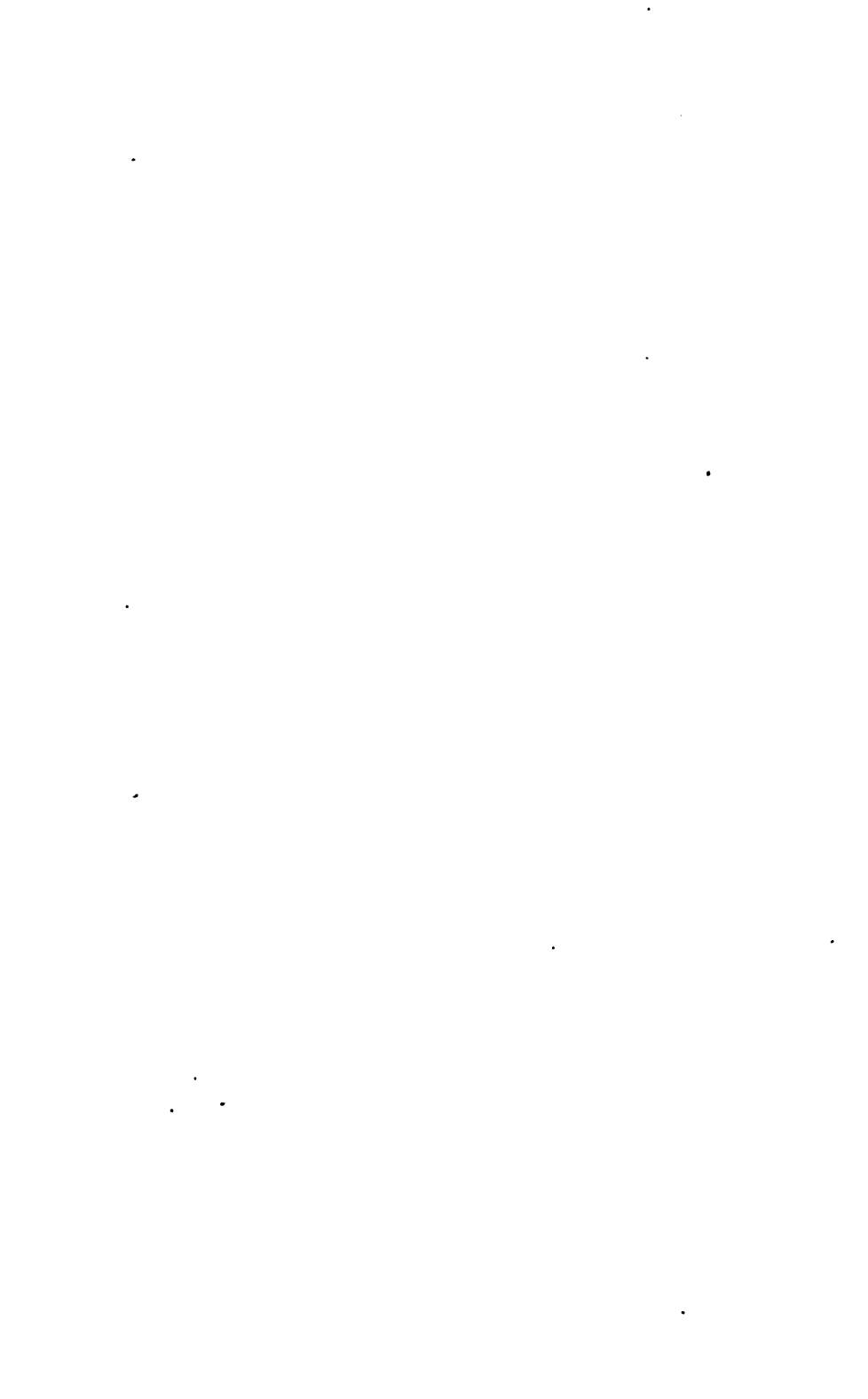
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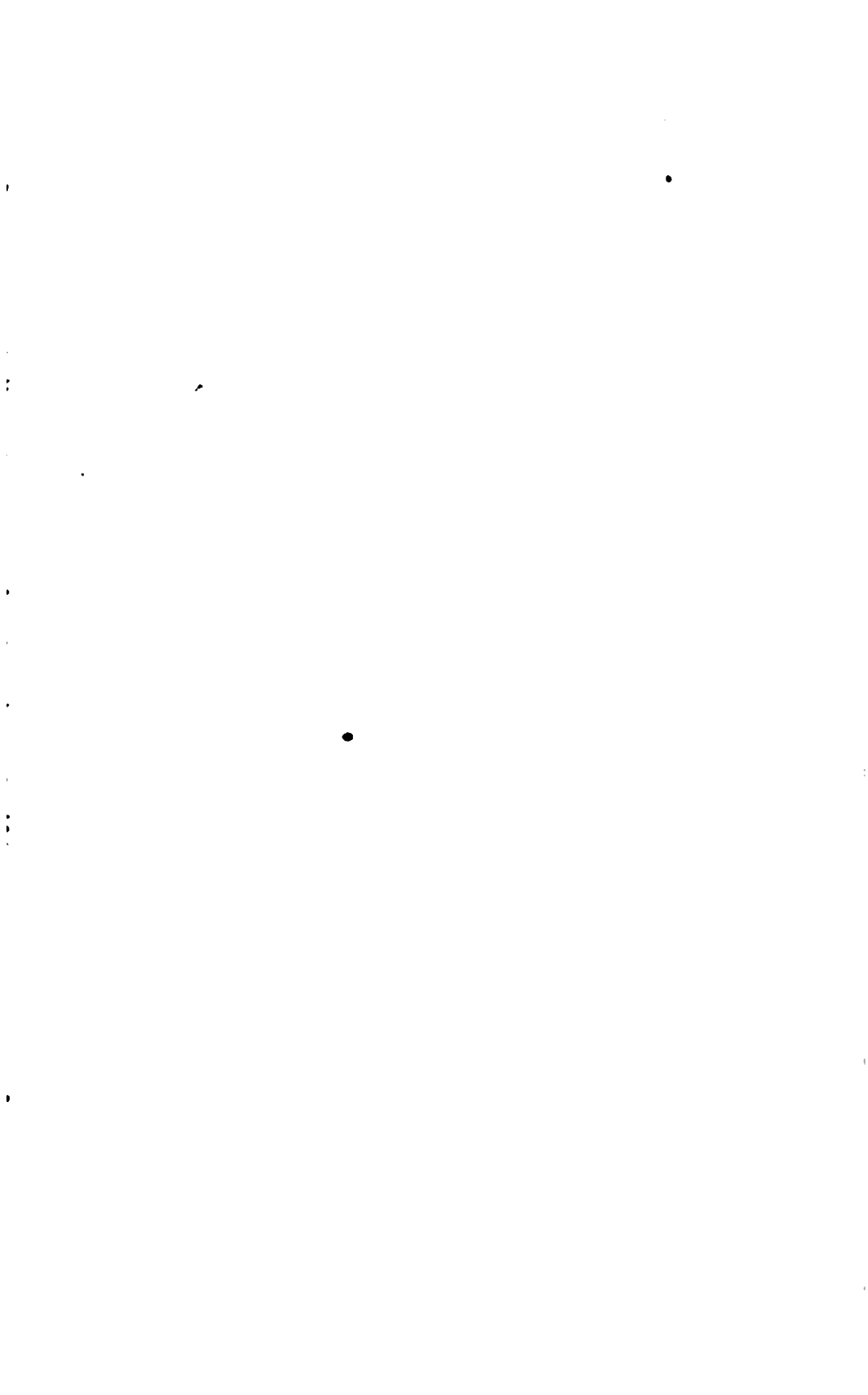


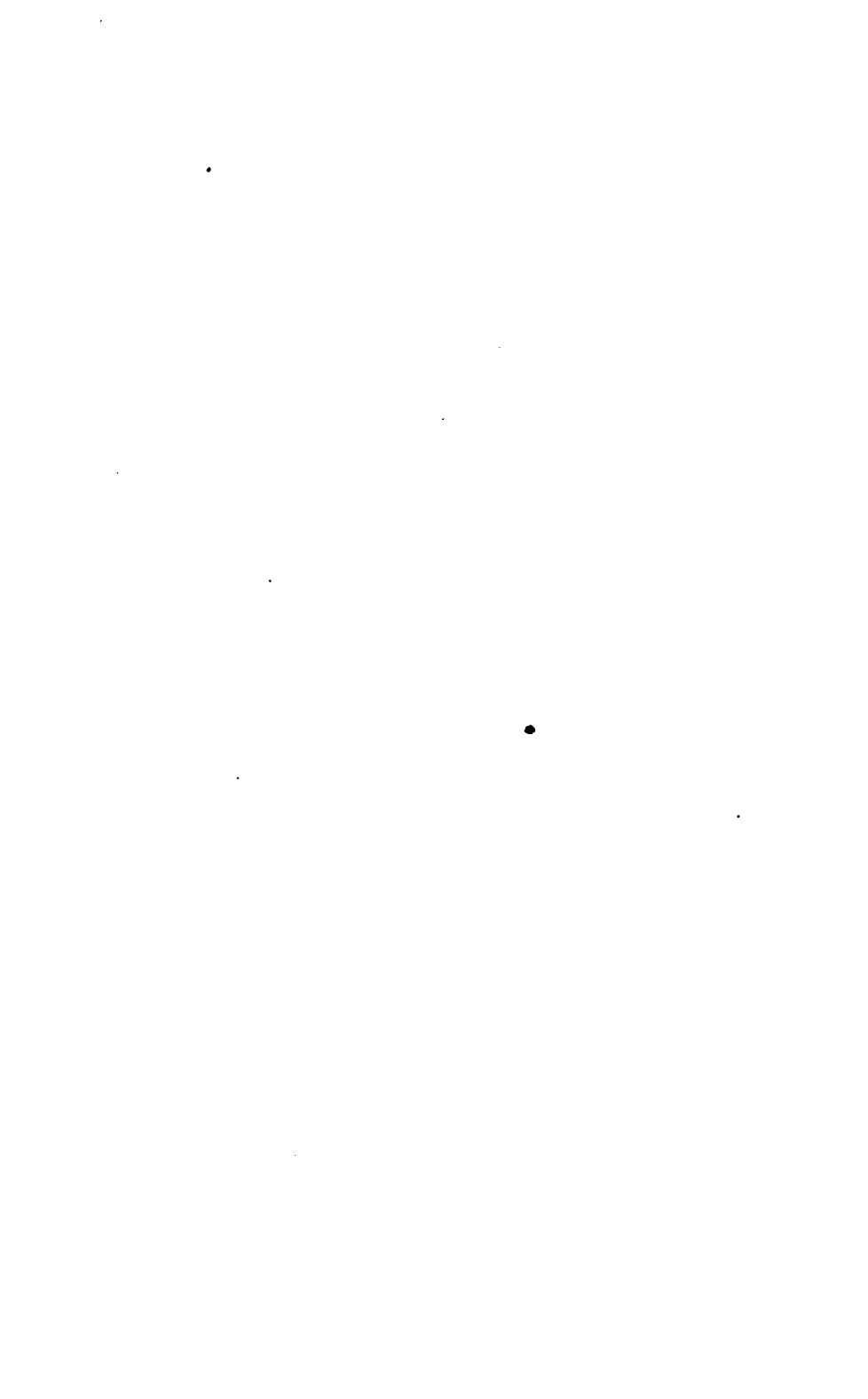
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1867.

# DIARY FOR JANUARY, 1867.

| M.<br>D. | W.<br>D. | OCCURRENCES.                                     |
|----------|----------|--|
| 1        | Tu       | Manchester Steeple Chases.                       |
| 2        | W        | Holbeach Coursing Meeting.                       |
| 3        | Th       | Aberystwith Coursing Meeting.                    |
| 4        | F        | Baldock Coursing Meeting.                        |
| 5        | S        | Anniversary of the Death of the Duke of York.    |
| 6        | S        | EPIPHANY SUNDAY.                                 |
| 7        | M        | Marble Coursing Meeting.                         |
| 8        | Tu       | Marble Coursing Meeting.                         |
| 9        | W        | Lancashire and Spelthorne Coursing Meeting.      |
| 10       | Th       | Coole (Cork) Coursing Meeting.                   |
| 11       | F        | Hilary Term begins.                              |
| 12       | S        | Cambridge Term begins.                           |
| 13       | S        | FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.                     |
| 14       | M        | Oxford Term begins.                              |
| 15       | Tu       | Border Union Coursing Meeting.                   |
| 16       | W        | Altcar Club Coursing Meeting.                    |
| 17       | Th       | Altcar Club Coursing Meeting.                    |
| 18       | F        | Altcar Club Coursing Meeting.                    |
| 19       | S        | Meeting at the Albert and Victoria Club.         |
| 20       | S        | SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.                    |
| 21       | M        | Sale of Blood Stock at Tattersall's.             |
| 22       | Tu       | Wigtonshire Coursing Meeting.                    |
| 23       | W        | Wigtonshire Coursing Meeting.                    |
| 24       | Th       | County Louth Coursing Meeting.                   |
| 25       | F        | Sir Vincent Cotton died, 1863.                   |
| 26       | S        | Billiard Handicap at the Albert Club.            |
| 27       | S        | THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.                     |
| 28       | M        | Sale of Blood Stock at Tattersall's.             |
| 29       | Tu       | Touchstone, Winner of the St. Leger, died, 1863. |
| 30       | W        | Ridgeway Coursing Meeting.                       |
| 31       | Th       | Hilary Terms ends.                               |





— 1844 —

— 1844 —

Harriet J. Weston

# BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

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### MR. HARCOURT JOHNSTONE.

To the list of Yorkshire Master of Hounds, which have appeared in our pages, we now append the gentleman who for some time has hunted the Pickering Country with a success that has brought it into note, and given him a position which he is well able to support.

Mr. Johnstone is the eldest son of Sir John Johnstone, and was born in 1829, at the Palace of Bishopthorpe, where his grandfather, the Archbishop of York, resided. The son of a man, who, bordering on seventy years of age, manages to be with hounds four days a week, and the great-grandson of the celebrated Lord Vernon, the owner of Woodpecker, a famous horse of the last century, cannot but have been born a fox-hunter, and a sucking M.F.H. Mr. Johnstone was educated at Eton, and on leaving it entered the 2nd Life Guards in 1846, when they were commanded by Col. McDouall, who used to let the Cornets off the Riding School, if they pledged themselves to go hunting. And it is needless to add the obligation was invariably respected, until they one day got into trouble by the Inspector General of Cavalry complaining of their stirrups being too short; in this, experience has proved him to be wrong in practice.

Mr. Johnstone remained in the Regiment until 1850, when, on his marriage with the second daughter of Mr. Charles Mills, of Hillingdon Court, he quitted it; and, Cincinnatus like, turned his sword into a ploughshare, and settled in Yorkshire.

The Pickering country, in which Mr. Johnstone has commenced his career as a M.F.H., extends from the village of that name to Robin Hood's Bay, and from thence to Scarborough, and was formerly hunted by Mr. Richard Hill, who with his son, Mr. John Hill, presided over it for half a century. Their hounds, which boasted of a very stanch strain of blood, and for very many years before they were broken up showed wonderful sport, passed into the hands of the present Duke of Grafton, and added much to the strength of the Wakefield hounds. Consequently, Mr. Johnstone had to get together a fresh pack, which he formed

by buying the old and young drafts from the Bramham, Lord Middleton, Mr. Fitzwilliam, and Mr. Foljambé. These, by the aid of a very clever huntsman, Dick Christian, who was worthy of his name, and the recommendation he had from the Duke of Beaufort, managed, during the three years he was with them, to show the country excellent sport; and those hunting men who wintered at Scarborough were perfectly content with the gallops they enjoyed with them. Dick Christian also took honours as a breeder of hounds, and showed that Sebright's early lessons had not been lost on him, as he bred Caroline, by the Duke of Beaufort's Hotspur, out of Mr. Lane Fox's Constant, that took the second prize at the Doncaster Hound Show. The subscriptions falling short of expenditure, as, alas! is too often the case, Mr. Johnstone took to hunting the hounds himself, and in spite of his weight, in a most hilly and rough country, with large woodlands and deep valleys, he contrived to kill plenty of foxes, and gave satisfaction to the owners of coverts as well as the subscribers to the Hunt, who appreciate his gentlemanlike conduct in the field, as well as his keenness for sport. And although the Pickering is neither a large nor a fashionable country, more unanimity and good-fellowship exists in it than in those with greater pretensions, for the gentlemen and farmers know every hound that is out, and take a personal interest in all that concerns the well-being of the Hunt.

In all the duties of a country gentleman Mr. Johnstone takes an active part, and although a Liberal in politics, and a candidate for St. Stephen's, he is as great a hater of the Beales school as of vulpecides and poachers.

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## TOWN AND MOOR.

A QUIET, quaint little town, shut in by hills and woods, straggling along one side of a deep valley, and watered by a brawling, head-strong mountain stream, tumbling over rocks, rippling across broad beds of shining pebbles, sailing quietly now and again between sandy banks, and here and there spreading out into a broad, deep, trout-holding pool. A town well nigh unequalled for its picturesque scenery, and rising in many respects above the level of country towns in general. Not, perhaps, quite reaching a Utopian standard of moral excellence, nor exempt altogether from the conventional failings of its race, such as a love of gentle gossip, and an undue curiosity and desire to sift closely matters which affect not its own interests; but on the whole an honest and amiable little town, containing much latent good-nature, much ability to sympathize with calamity, and desire to aid misfortune. A town with a turn for literature, and a leaning towards science, an inclination for the arts, and, above all, a great, a devouring passion for horse-racing.

How many men traverse the stony, uneven streets who are not, in a greater or less degree, interested in the Turf? Love for the

sport pervades every order of society. Chiefly does it affect those whose occupation entails a constant flow of visitors. The saddler, the druggist, the grocer, the gunsmith, are seldom without a *coterie* of gossips to lounge against their counters and talk horse when trade is a little slack. The bootmaker will take your measure, and as he does so will talk—and talk very sensibly too—about the blood of Slane and Melbourne, or assure you that from a good Touchstone mare, judiciously crossed, it is possible to derive an income the like of which many a man with half the knowledge of the universe at his fingers' ends may slave his soul away and never attain. However favourable an impression regular payments and an easy disposition have created in the mind of the local Poole or Walter Burrell, trust me, he will neglect your interests to serve those of an impatient jockey or trainer. Once it befell the writer to require a rough shooting coat. The need was imminent, and a neighbouring *Schneider* was intrusted with the manufacture, and bound himself by solemn vows that on the day appointed the garb should be ready. It is scarcely necessary to say that when the day arrived the garb was *not* ready. The indignant sportsman strode into the shop of the delinquent, and fiercely demanded what had prevented the fulfilment of contract. 'Sir,' was the reply—and the speaker evidently considered the excuse an unanswerable one—'a pair of breeches that 'are going to ride at Newcastle to-day!'

If by any astounding combination of circumstances you have some money to pay in to your banker; or supposing, as is, perhaps, more probable, that it is necessary to call upon him and explain that, owing to a slight misunderstanding, you shall not be able to do more at present than pay the interest on that little, &c., watch your neighbours at the counter. If it is the morning of a great race day, and the 'Daily News' lies within reach, be sure that the oldest and most respectable-looking of them will draw the sheet towards him, and, under pretence of consulting the City column, will hurriedly turn to 'Meteor's' article to see if he has another Fitzroland *coup* for his readers. Then the farmer at his elbow, with a sample of corn in his breast pocket, and a bundle of greasy notes between his teeth, will 'beg the paper after him' with a like object. The lawyer's clerk from over the way, and the linendraper's young man from round the corner take similar advantage of a visit to the bank counter; so that by eleven o'clock in the morning half the town is made acquainted with the prophet's selection. The reading-room, just after the arrival of the London papers, invariably affords similar sketches of character. Here, however, delay is dangerous, so the first man who can lay hold of 'Bell's Life' does so boldly, and without attempt at concealment, and peruses the Turf portion slowly and relentlessly in the very faces of the bystanders, who, agonized with impatience, affect to be careless as to whose lot 'Nunquam dormio' shall next fall. The crowd which, on Derby or Leger afternoons, collects on the platform, or hangs about the doors of the railway-station, affords a rich treat to any one interested in the odd



humours and phrases of the Yorkshire folk. North countrymen are not given to extravagant expressions of joy or disappointment; neither are they so profuse in expletives as their brethren of the south. To this rule there are, nevertheless, occasional exceptions. Not even the hard swearing of the army of Flanders, rendered historical by the ingenious creator of Uncle Toby, could compare with the five minutes' burst which followed the receipt of the announcement that Zetland spots had gone down before Eglinton tartan in the great match at York.

And now arise pleasantly festive recollections—*noctes cœnæque*—gone, ah, me! never to return. All has passed off satisfactorily. From the clear soup to the last glass of Lafitte there has never been hitch or delay. Conversation has been fluent, agreeable, and, of necessity, to a degree horsey. All have contributed their quota to the general amusement. And yet, methinks, in the bosom of one friend, who has joined us after a long day with the Bedale or Hurworth, there lurks some weighty secret. He laughs, talks, jests with the rest, but still an indescribable air of consciousness induces each and all of the company to come to the conclusion that Nimrod knows something. Hints, however artfully contrived, tempt him not to divulge it. Potations, plenteous and powerful, loosen not his tongue on the one coveted point. Coffee is imbibed, and still our curiosity remains unsatisfied. A rubber; a second. He of the mystery holds marvellous cards, and plays them, too, like an artist. Fortune at last decrees him seven good trumps, with a strong hand in spades, and sweeping all before him, he lands a bumper for self and partner. A smile of satisfaction steals over his expressive face, he accepts the proffered draught of Islay and Seltzer (be sure the latter was supplied by old Dr. Warlock, of the Quayside), beams on the bystanders, clears his throat, and makes a clean breast. The run, it appears, was a capital one, and they killed some sixteen miles from home. Our friend had a long, lonely ride before him, and so accepted the proffered companionship of the famous Mr. Fieldfare, the book-maker, whose destination was within a short distance of his own. It may be that the Knight of the Pencil was in an unusually garrulous mood; perhaps he had an eye to some ulterior object, or haply, was actuated by pure good nature; in any case he was guilty of a very unusual indiscretion, and hinted to his attentive auditor that Windsor (the colt, you remember, who ran so well in the spring, and lost his form afterwards in such a mysterious way), was a dead certainty for the Chester Cup. Here is a marvellously straight tip! and Nimrod's comrades ought surely to be deeply gratified with the generous impulse that prompts him to impart the information. But mark the duplicity of man! No word of comment is made on the great secret just divulged. On the contrary, each one endeavours to assume an easy, *degagé* bearing, as if the thing had been thoroughly known to him for a month back, or was a matter of perfect indifference now that he did know it; and the veteran of the party, whose marvellous memory for things pertaining to the Turf is notorious,

affects, an hour or two later, to have forgotten the horse's name altogether, and asks Nimrod, carelessly, as he shuffles the cards, 'What do they call that colt you were talking about?' And notwithstanding all this shallow subterfuge, there is not one of the party but will write a concise note in the morning to his commissioner, in which the words Windsor and Chester Cup will figure very prominently.

When parents evince so decided an inclination for the sport of the greensward, is it to be wondered at that the arrows in their quiver should tread in the same footsteps? Oh, grammar-school of my youth, I greet you in fancy once again! Once again I gaze on your sloping slate roof, erst climbed in boyish bravado; your oddly-contrived cloisters, sacred to 'fives;' your resounding passages, so often the scene of pugilistic encounters, in which seconds, backers, and bystanders would take such burning interest that a free fight on the Bowery principle was the not unusual sequel to one of these passages of arms. But, although the rules of the P.R. were not adhered to with due strictness, not even the just Rhadamanthi of the Jockey Club themselves could have been more scrupulous as to the exact observance of law when racing was concerned. The current horse talk of the district was reproduced by boys attentive to the after-dinner conversation of their elders; and the school foot-races were conducted on a very different principle to those now in vogue. There was a regularly-constituted judge, and a handicapper, not frail but fair, with whose adjustment of start every one was satisfied. The record of those exciting encounters 'from the tree, round, and 'in,' is it not still preserved, written by that youthful reporter, who since then has made himself a name and a reputation amongst turf scribes? There is many a one of the competitors in those struggles at the old Yorkshire school whose eyes will brighten, and whose heart will throb as he recalls (should these lines meet his eye), the 'steady preparation' he underwent, and the trial spin he ran, and the gallant way in which he backed himself for countless marbles for the great event of 'the half.' Where are they all, those merry comrades? Alas! the light hearts of some have ceased to beat, and the once active limbs of many a dashing 'spurt' runner are stiff and cold. One, the fastest of them all, sobbed out his life beneath assassins' blades in the Indian mutiny; a second lies buried beneath the rolling waves that wash some rugged Atlantic shore; and another sank beneath disease—the cursed inheritance of his race—ere the bright genius that lurked within him had yet had time to lead him on to fame.

They are not all of them pleasant, those associations connected with the dear old training town; but what almost unalloyed happiness does not the mention of its famous moor suggest?

A visit to the training ground always repays the labour expended in climbing the steep ascent by which alone it can be reached. Still, there is a half-way house, whose hospitable door will surely be open to the wayfarer. And there, in the snug little parlour, whose walls

are hung round with sporting pictures—notable a vivid representation of the finishing struggle for the Derby of '48, Sim in the straw jacket, and Frank in the sable vest, both hard at work—we will partake of our friend the trainer's proffered refreshment. If our inclination lies that way, thirst shall be assuaged in Roederer of the best; but on this raw November day methinks the home-brewed ale—old, strong, and bright as a star—suggests more comfort. A Wensleydale cheese, ripe and rich as any Stilton, crisp brown bread, butter sweet and pure—fit luncheon for a Yorkshireman. And then the host will show us the gem of his picture cabinet, a beautifully-executed and spirited scene in the early days of an aristocratic Hampshire race meeting; and he will tell with pride of the tempting offers he has received to induce him to part with his treasure, and how he has ever remained proof against the voice of the charmers. Next comes a stroll round the yard, and a peep at the many cracks in the beautifully neat boxes; and can there be any greater treat to the racing enthusiast than such a sauntering pilgrimage? How pleasant to scan the points of these famous steeds undisturbed by a bellowing crowd, and without the excitement of a great event about to be decided to distract your mind from a careful survey of their beauties. We could linger for an hour by the side of that compact, short-legged colt, notwithstanding that he has so often disappointed us, and brought down on our devoted head such an avalanche of trouble and reproach. But the afternoon is shortening, and so let us accept the offer of a regalia of price, and, inhaling the pale blue smoke, only to return it through the nostrils with a gratified sigh, struggle manfully on until the top of the long ascent is at length attained.

Here stretches out the wild high moor, picturesque and beautiful in the autumn sunlight. There are but few trees in view, and these are worn and weather-beaten by the violence of many a winter storm. There are no hedges, and tall loosely-constructed stone walls take the place of those leafy barriers. If it were spring time, and we still retained the keen eyesight of our birds'-nesting days, there would be no need to go spoilless home; for when the sweet breath of May is in the air the curlew, long-billed and shy, broods sometimes over her four huge, oddly-shaped eggs in some snug corner. The bonny red grouse will flutter and scramble and scream as she leaves her treasure, gorgeous in their crimson or yellow hue, stained with umber and black. Where the heather grows thick and high you may find the pretty, artless nest of the linnet, with its fragile-shelled, delicately-spotted contents. The meadow-pipit seeks the shelter of a tuft of grass, and hard by it in some slight depression of the ground rears her tender young. Haply the vagabond cuckoo—exemplification of selfishness—seeks out the lowly habitation of the poor tit-lark, and then the unlucky builders of the house have quartered upon them an intruder as unwieldy, as greedy, and as uncourteous as a Prussian Landwehrmann, who will gradually take to himself the whole of the limited space, and gorge from morn to eve on the hardly-earned provision brought him by his infatuated

entertainers. Rarely, very rarely, a pair of merlins have married and settled here; and the district round about has been half depopulated of its small birds by these fierce little buccaneers of the fell. The sparrow-hawk and kestrel affect the moor but little. Occasionally the latter will beat over its outskirts and swoop down upon some straggling field-mouse, but she loves better to hide away her brown-tinged globes in some cranny of the crags not far distant; and the less lovable sparrow-hawk will seek out a deserted crow's or magpie's dwelling in the high fir plantation two miles away, and re-line it snugly against the time of her accouchement. There is a tradition—its authenticity cannot be vouched for—that some truant urchin, wandering into this said little forest of larches whilst yet the snow of February strewed the earth, discovered—wonder of wonders!—on a low branch the precious, the priceless nest of the cross-bill, a small flock of which curious birds had haunted the spot from time to time; but as the prize fell into unworthy hands—those of an unpopular collector—the subject is rarely mentioned by true oologists without a shrug of incredulity and contempt.

Miles away to the east lie the famous Hambleton hills, associated with the early history of many a Yorkshire flyer. To the right rises Penhill distinct and dark, and under its broad shadow one might in fancy trace the faint outline of moving steeds. From the days of Jack Spigot downwards that famous training-ground has seldom lacked some bright star of the greensward in whose well-doing half the racing world was interested. It was in its zenith when the tartan and yellow of the Scotch earl, worn by Tommy Lye, or Job Marson, or Cartwright, was victorious at race meetings north, south, east, and west: when The Potentate, Jamie Forest and St. Bennett, Bellona and Dr. Caius, were names of dread at Manchester or Liverpool, Goodwood or Worcester. Then came the bright deeds of Lightning, Inheritress, and Trueboy, the champions of the bonny blue and white stripes. The crimson and green cap of Mr. Johnstone, the white and red of the Belsay baronet, were borne to the front by Sir George and Rowena, Galanthus and Glossy. In one famous season, when people were full of the mighty deeds certain to be accomplished by young Van Tromp, when visions of a first Derby began to animate the hearts of the dwellers by Bolton and the strollers on Leyburn Shawl, Middleham Moor was in wonderful luck. First there was the unfortunate Fancy Boy winning the then rich Dee Stakes, and showing prominently in the list of Derby favourites. Second and third in the Chester Cup, the same stable recovered its losses at the great Lancashire meetings by the aid of Mr. Meiklam's flyers. Dolo does a brisk business by the Tyneside, where Sir Tatton, fresh from his Derby disaster, again comes to grief with poor Bill Scott. And when the August days are close at hand, 'The Liberator' effects such a *coup* in the Duke of Richmond's park as has seldom been equalled before or since. Jonathan Wild, Riley, Grimston, and Tommy of the white choker are in every one's mouth; whilst Poynton, Ellerdale, and Cranebrook will keep up the

prestige of the moor until the curtain drops on the Turf doings of 1846. Those were stirring times indeed; but folks were destined to be more startled still when there was no pause in the victories of the Dutchman, Elthron, and Belus, and neighbouring Tupgill made itself a dreaded name with the French grey and crimson livery of Swinton.

From the very early days of Turf chronicles the ground on which we stand has been illustrious for the animals educated on its short-turfed gallops, and the fierce contests decided over its uneven race-course. Since Dainty Davie defeated Lord Byron's Osmar, more than a century since, the most celebrated names in the Calendar have been connected with its Gold Cup race, which at one period was not inferior in importance to any, save that run for at Doncaster. In its long line of victorious steeds we read of the famous Chatsworth, and Sylvio, more famous still; of the Prince of Wales's Tot; and of Agonistes, who carried off the prize when it was more valuable than it has ever since been. It was up this severe hill that the Riddell sideboard had earned for it so many of its glittering trophies; and here Dr. Syntax made one of his few mistakes, and Otho floored the old horse, and the odds of 6 to 4 betted on the Northumberland champion. Its home-trained coursers have often possessed rare merit; and, long after the old trainer-jockey and the Lambton horses had ceased to pace the length and breadth of the moor, the townspeople would stroll up on fine Sunday mornings to take stock of Fang, who never did anything to warrant such attention. In later days the representatives of the straw and crimson and white quarterings have taken their breathers there, although Executor, Meaux, and Psalmsinger could boast of nothing beyond handicap triumphs. It was for the last twenty years to show our training-ground at its best. In one season there was a grand chesnut two-year old with almost matchless speed doing such wonders in his spin from the grey stone that it was justly deemed at the time that the Derby was at his mercy. Although this was not to be, his friends could little have dreamt that the conqueror of their pet was lazily walking round a pasture scarce two miles away beyond the green wood where the rooks make such incessant music. Still less did the public or the Ring give credence to such an idea; and when in the following May Voltigeur galloped home first on the Surrey hill, and Mildew was nowhere, astonishment fell upon the whole land. Since that time Ascot and Doncaster and Chester Cups, Two Thousand and Champagne, Metropolitan and City and Suburban, have all fallen to the lot of the pets of our training-ground; and within the last few years a stable once scarcely known has waxed into such proportions as to threaten the long-asserted supremacy of the 'Wizard' and 'Dangerous Tom.' And, if all goes well, if no treacherous cough or subtle lameness step in to blast our cherished hopes, boldly let the prophecy be uttered that when, next May, Epsom downs are flooded with an excited multitude roaring like a tornado, when those agonizing furlongs

between the Corner and home are at length fairly covered, and, half breathless, men watch the hoisting of the fatal number, the electric spark will flash down to the old training-town the glad news that once again it has achieved the crowning glory of the Turf.

Slowly striding from hillock to hollow, passing the old bramble-lined quarry with a glance into its once holiday-haunted depth, let us pause and lose ourselves in a day-dream, as we stand by the rugged grey stone and muse on the traditions connected with that famous landmark. Our lingering presence will incommode no one, for the bleak plain is unblackened by any form but our own; we shall be witness to no mysterious 'rough-up,' spy upon no anxiously-awaited trial.

Wary as the trainer himself may be, however keen-eyed his assistants, and let the surrounding points of vantage be scanned and examined as keenly as they may, it is wonderful how frequently the result of a trial is seen and spread abroad. Some years ago a three-year-old was undergoing a preparation on a high northern training-ground. In his early days he had performed very moderately. He was not fashionably bred, and had died out of the memory of the public altogether. The colt was, however, so good that, if treated with any degree of leniency by the adjuster of weights, one or both of the great autumn handicaps at Newmarket were nearly certain to fall to his lot. Towards the close of the summer, it was determined that his merits should be severely tested; and very early one morning, before aught was astir on the moor, and with no discernible witnesses save owner and trainer, the colt was 'asked a question.' He answered it in a manner so unexpectedly clever that those interested in him hugged themselves at the bright prospect of gain which opened out before them. As their exultation was at boiling-pitch a ragged, dishevelled form rose above the crest of a neighbouring hollow, and approached the party. Consternation pictured on their faces, they gazed upon the unwelcome intruder. 'It's only Fond 'Jemmy,' exclaimed one of them, with a sigh of relief, as the poor, addle-pated creature, walking up to them, displayed a large basket of mushrooms, which he had collected in the neighbouring pastures. 'Jemmy,' he continued, in a seductive tone, 'Hast thou seen ought? 'We're nobbut giving t'horses a bit of a gallop.' 'Nay,' said Jemmy, carefully avoiding the speaker's eye, and staring fixedly into vacancy, 'Ah hev'n't. Mebbe ye'll want a few misherums.' A glance was exchanged by the two principal conspirators, and Jemmy was directed to hand over his succulent burden then and there; and with a bright half-crown clasped tightly in his dusky fist, he moved hurriedly away towards the town. Luckless and mistaken liberality! Had the reward been confined to the shilling which usually repaid the mushroom-gatherer's exertions, all would have been well. Half-a-crown was too much for Jemmy to carry unbreached. An early visit to the Black Lion was the natural consequence. One three-penn'orth was consumed; a second; and when a third dram of unsweetened Nicholson had been despatched he grew talkative. It

chanced that one very acute member of the brotherhood of touts was taking his 'morning' in the same establishment; and, pricking up his ears at the disjointed sentences uttered by the weak-headed tippler, he soon extracted from him the secret of the trial at early dawn. Jemmy, it appeared, had seen the spin, and, notwithstanding his infirmity, retained sufficient Yorkshire cunning to deny the fact when first taxed with it on the moor. Now that his tongue was loosened he described with such accuracy to his tempter how the short-legged bay, who carried his head so low, had beaten the others to a stand-still, that the shrewd listener—himself a great believer in the prowess of 'Le Médecin'—putting this and that together, was able to place the information, within a few hours, at the disposal of his London employer. The latter quietly took advantage of it. Owing to an extraordinary and unprecedented blunder, the good thing did not come off. Had it done so, the disburser of the half-crown and his allies would have discovered that the amount which they had backed their colt to win was considerably less than the great stake for which he was stood by the metropolitan book-maker, who had acquired his information through the tipsy babbling of 'Fond Jemmy.'

The damp November air warns us that it is time to bend our steps homewards; and still it is hard to shake off the disposition to linger. Oh, joyous youthful days! Oh, hours misspent or wasted quite, and still so pleasant to recall. A thousand half-forgotten incidents crowd suddenly upon the recollection, and reproduce themselves with painful exactness. Those early, early days, when, held high up in strong arms, we obeyed the instruction to look earnestly at the most famous racehorse of the age, and were told to 'remember, when a man, that we had seen her.' How vividly it all comes back again!—the sun of September, brilliant, but slightly cool; the wind blowing gently, and ruffling our long curls; the dozen or so of bystanders clustering together, and gazing intently at the brown mare, as she trots past with the jockey in the white and blue jacket. Where are they all now? Alas! the old brown mare and her jockey and her trainer and her owner are all gone to their rest. The eyes that so eagerly obeyed the paternal behest would be of little use to-day, were it not for the aid of extra strong spectacles, and the flowing locks are plentifully sprinkled with grey.

And still, as we muse, the light fades out of the sky; the wind comes moaning across the bleak moorland from the sombre hills behind; the stiff, damp larches bend before the gust, and their branches rustle and creak with strangely dismal monotony. Save this witch-like music, and the faint fall of a distant stream, splashing cold and cheerless between its leaf-strewn banks, there is no sound to break the stillness. Grey stone, white posts, all the familiar landmarks, are hidden from the gaze. No light from cottage-window to lend even a little life to the dull waste; no voice of belated traveller or passing peasant to pierce the solemn gloom. We are alone with our reflections, as the swarthy autumn night comes down and broods over the wide training-grounds.

## THE OLD OAK TABLE.

## CHAPTER IV.

'A pack of such hounds, and a set of such men,  
'Tis a shrewd chance if ever you meet with again :  
Had Nimrod, the mightiest of hunters, been there,  
Egad ! he'd have shook, like an aspen, for fear.'

NINETY-NINE times out of a hundred a backward cast with fox-hounds is a cast in the wrong direction ; but, with a story, as with a hare, it is not only admissible, but necessary, in order to follow the one or the other successfully to the end ; and, with that preface, I will revert to the period of Stoford's early university days.

It was a cold, dark day in December, when four Oxford hacks, fine-drawn as bell-wire, and almost as tough, were leisurely walked to and fro past the Canterbury gate of Christ Church, saddled and bridled for their cover-work. The animals were all thorough-bred as Whalebone ; their skins shone like satin, and every rib in their bodies stood out as distinctly as the flutings of a Doric column. But it was really painful to observe the delicate, Agag-like fashion in which they felt their way over the hard, unyielding stones : had the street been paved with eggs, and they had been made to know its brittle character, they could not have touched it more tenderly.

Alas ! that cautious action, that feeling step is no fault of theirs ; it is the result of quick and hard road-work and rapid collision between hoof and stone. The feet and joints have been the chief sufferers ; the former, from fever, the latter, from exhaustion of the sinovial fluid—the oil that keeps the machine lubricated, and prevents friction of the bones.

Would the farmer who bred that lean-faced, ewe-necked chestnut, know him again, think you, in his present form ? The colt, whose three-year-old teeth he and the village blacksmith had so violently wrenched from their sockets ;\* whose growth was his daily care, and to whose culture he had given far more time and attention than to that of his own children ? I trow not ; even his practised eye, Yorkshireman though he be, would be puzzled at the transformation. Yet it is only a year ago that he 'made him up' for Howden Show, crossed Booth Ferry at no little risk, and sold him for a round sum, as a rare four-year-old, gay as a kitten, and fat as a well-fed hog. The feeling gait and the hectic bloom tell the tale too truly ; the pace and beans have done it, and the young one has been over-marked.

But while I am thus moralizing, Stoford and his three friends, Watkin, Ormsby, and Owen, arrive simultaneously from different

\* When the teeth bearing the three-year-old mark are thus extracted, Nature soon supplies the vacant sockets with a new set ; all of which falsely indicate the animal to be four years old. He is thus started from his nursery with a lie in his mouth ; the supposed year in his favour renders the horse more marketable, and secures a higher price for the respectable breeder. Well may it be said, 'Caveat emptor.'



points, booted and spurred for the chace. The Duke of Beaufort's hounds meet that day at Tar Wood, a cover of historic renown, and common to the Heythrop and old Berkshire countries—a fixture that neither of those men would miss so long as there was an oak standing on their paternal estates.

‘We’re at least twenty minutes late,’ said Watkin, throwing his ponderous leg across the chestnut’s ribs, and causing the girths of his saddle to gape by the pressure.

‘Never mind that,’ said Ormsby; ‘we can easily make the time ‘up on the road.’

‘Go ahead, then,’ replied the other, who, as he had been accustomed to a kennel from his infancy, and would have shared his last crust with a hound, wished to take a good look at the pack before they were thrown into cover.

They were soon off the stones; and then, ere ten minutes had elapsed, those four hacks were travelling over the turf that fringed the high road, like swallows o’er a new-shorn mead. The breeder of the chestnut, if he could only now see him, would be much more likely to recognize his former pet colt than under the circumstances before described. That even stride and liberty of action would probably remind him of the smooth goer he had himself once bred; and, quickly, other resemblances would arise to establish the recognition.

‘No time for change,’ said Watkin, tossing a half-crown to a gate-keeper, who, knowing his customers, had thrown open the gate, and was pretending to fumble in his pockets for the required amount.

‘All right, your honour; drink your good health to-night, that’s ‘safe.’ And the party swept forward, almost without slackening speed, and with no further detention, until they reached the cover-side.

The wind at the time was blowing keenly from the east; and Stoford, who was suffering from a severe cold, had taken the unusual precaution of wearing a great coat to cover—a circumstance that instantly attracted the attention of a man mounted on a pony, who, for one shilling each, undertook to carry those garments during the chace, and generally managed to be there or thereabouts at the end of every run.

‘Take your coat, your honour?’ said he, as he scuttled up to Stoford, with at least half-a-dozen Salisburys strapped up to the cantle of his saddle.

‘Thank you; not yet, Bill; ‘but there’s your shilling, and take ‘care to be near when the hounds find——’

‘Oh yes, sir; and when they kill, too; but where that’ll be, ‘tisn’t ‘every one as knows. That’s a secret I’ve paid for larning; and ‘your honour shall know it too for the value of another bob.’

The cunning expression of Bill Lardner’s eye at that moment would have done credit to the King of the Gipsies.

‘Down wind, of course,’ said Stoford, chucking another shilling into his open hand, and trotting off to join Watkin, who was busily and earnestly engaged in looking over the hounds.

‘Ay,’ shouted Bill, ‘and he’ll go for the Forest. I knows he will ; mind that.’

Will Long, mounted on a flea-bitten grey that Mehemet Ali might have envied, was leisurely walking his hounds to and fro under the shelter of a quickset hedge ; and, according to Stoford’s description, a more perfect specimen of a huntsman was never seen at a cover-side. He had only lately succeeded the veteran Philip Payne, who, verging upon that period of life when labour and sorrow are pronounced to be the portion of man had retired from the field crowned with honour, as well as a silvery head, and the change had not been made a day before it was required.

Of Will Long’s tact with hounds I need only say a few words. The high character of the Beaufort hounds proved the ability with which he handled his forces, and led them to constant victory. His system, however, was in every respect similar to that of his predecessor, but with this advantage in his favour—he was always with his hounds. No matter what the pace might be, whether over the stone-wall hill-country or in the vale below, being a rare horseman, Will generally managed to keep his eye on the leading hounds ; and, in case of a check, he was there to help them. But his maxim was never to interfere with hounds until they had made their own natural cast ; then, if that failed, he took them by the head, and quietly made his cast—a manœuvre in which he was pre-eminently successful, from the quickness of his decision and a judgment that was rarely wrong.

The qualifications required in a man who commands in the hunting or battle-field are analogous in many respects ; and if Will Long had been a conscript in the French army, he would certainly have wielded the baton said to be borne in the knapsack of every French soldier.

If there was one point more than another that distinguished the Beaufort hounds at this period, it was the perseverance they exhibited in carrying a cheerless scent over the cold, greasy fallows of the Oxfordshire hills—a quality attributable partly to Payne’s judgment in breeding his hounds, and partly to the let-’em-alone style in which he hunted them for so many years.

How different the system from that adopted by a later artist in the Heythrop country, the renowned Jem Hills !—his speciality consisting in the rapidity with which he lifted hounds, and clapped them on the back of his flying game. In its results it undoubtedly was a brilliant and successful mode of pursuing the fox in a bad scenting country ; but a more likely one to ruin the self-dependence of a hound can scarcely be conceived. Still, Jem was a great general in his way ; and if, in the triumphs he won, his strategies differed from those of other successful leaders, the result was pretty much the same : he showed sport, and killed his foxes with a dash that would not be denied.

But to return to Will Long. That the kind, courteous bearing of the fine old Duke should have influenced the manner of his servants

was only to be expected; and inasmuch as Long, previous to his promotion, served for a period of seventeen years as whipper-in under Philip Payne, the example of his noble master was not thrown away upon him: on the contrary, he was not only civil and obliging to every one, but, even in the case of some crazy, desperate, unruly Freshman, bent on over-riding his hounds, and spoiling the sport of all, he manifested a control of temper rarely witnessed in the hunting-field.

On the present occasion, observing the interest Watkin and Stoford took in the character of individual hounds, short as the time was, he proceeded to draw from the pack a few of his prime favourites—the grim leaders of the chace,—and to describe, in glowing speech, the merits for which they were severally distinguished. ‘Herald, Hector, Waterloo, Vaulter, and Justice,’ said he, pointing with his whip, and pronouncing the first syllable of their names very distinctly. Instantly the long, sagacious, high-crowned heads of the five hounds appeared above the rest; and, pricking their ears, the lot stepped forward for inspection, like soldiers stepping from their ranks at the given word of their commander.

‘There, gentlemen,’ said he, ‘’tish’t for their looks only that I am proud of ’em; but I should like you to see the head they carry when the scent serves; or, if need be, they can drop their heads and pick along a cold line, like a pack of weasels. They’re bad to beat, and awkward to follow, sometimes, I’ll assure ye, gentlemen.’

‘There can be no doubt of that,’ said Watkin, who was feasting his eyes on the wonderful combination of power and symmetry exhibited by these hounds.

To those who loved hunting for hunting’s sake, the Duke of Beaufort’s pack at that period was perfect; at the same time, many a brilliant day is on record when the hardest riders were fain to cry ‘Hold, enough;’ and compelled to witness the last act of the drama at a very respectful distance. Yet some of the blue-and-buff men of that country were first-class workmen in the saddle: none better in the whole world. And if the reeds of the fair Evenlode, like those of old, could only tell their secrets, they would whisper the familiar names of Lindo, Rawlinson, Codrington, Webb, Holloway, and Evans—Centaur’s who crossed that broad stream in their stride, and whom nothing could stop but the Styx itself. Alas! the grim Ferryman has earned his copper from all, save one, of those big hearts, and landed them, let us hope, in a better country.

Whatever the origin of the English foxhound may be, the general character of the Beaufort pack at this period would indicate that it at least had no affinity with the blood of Southern hounds. Not a black-and-tan, nor a blue-mottled hound could be seen in the Badminton kennels; the prevailing colours being lemon-pie, black and white, with tan cheeks, and badger-pie; the last being the favourite colour of the noble owner. The poet indeed may sing *nimum ne crede colori*, but every hound-breeder knows by experience that the colour of a cross will always reappear at intervals, and becomes a

tell-tale to the remotest generations. Take, for instance, a brindled greyhound—to what origin does he owe that colour, now so common to the race? Unquestionably, to Lord Orford's brindle bull-dog. The colour of the cross still comes out, although every other characteristic, except dash and courage, has been long since 'bred out' and obliterated from the greyhound family.

But not by colour only do I claim to separate the Badminton blood from either the Southern or Harrier race. Look at their handsome sterns feathered grandly to the point, not in the silky fashion of a setter, but with strong, hardy bristles, adding remarkably and most becomingly to the bold carriage of those hounds. Then the short eager chop of their tongues, how different from the prolonged notes of 'fleet Towler,' a hound that led the cry with so much harmony, and killed his game, more by the terror of his tongue than the pace of his heels. No, the affinity, if any, is remote indeed.

While Watkin and Stoford were thus engaged, lending all their ears to the hound-talk that flowed like honey from Will's lips, he suddenly looked up, and, pointing to a light pair-horse phaeton, said, 'By your leave, gentlemen, that's his Grace coming round the corner;' and, touching his cap to them, he instantly walked off the hounds in the direction of the Duke's hunter, at the far end of the field. This was the trysting place at which the Duke took a rapid survey of his pack, and gave Will his final orders for the day.

Then, as the hounds trotted off in the direction of the cover, a pleasant sight it was to see the affable and hearty manner with which the Duke greeted his friends, shaking some by the hand, bowing to others, and dropping kind words, as he went, to all; nor is it possible to overrate the respect and almost veneration with which the country regarded this good man, the sixth Duke of Beaufort. The description given of his ancestor in the days of James the Second might well be applied to him now. 'His household at Badminton was regulated after the fashion of an earlier generation. The fame of the kitchen, the cellar, the kennel, and the stables, was spread over all England. The gentry many miles round were proud of the magnificence of their great neighbour, and were at the same time charmed by his affability and good nature.'

The noble spirit, too, that animated his heart was lodged in a fit frame: he was above the common size of man, and his features, expressive of good sense, magnanimity, and great benevolence, were a fine illustration of that pure Norman race from which he and the gentlemen of England were proud to claim descent. 'Il est très bien nommé Beaufort,' said a Frenchman of him at court; 'parce-  
' qu'il est fort beau.'

But, while I am thus giving a faint outline of his portrait, the hounds were quietly thrown into Tar Wood, on the down-wind side of the lower quarter. In less than five minutes a single hound, deep in the cover, threw his tongue once or twice with such emphasis, that the Duke turned round to Watkin, and said, 'That's Trojan, I think; and, if it is, the fox is afoot.'

The words had scarcely escaped his lips ere a crash followed that rocked the old wood to its centre, and sent the magpies and jays screeching into the adjoining fields. Stoford had barely time to tear off his great-coat and pitch it into the arms of Bill Lardner, who, like a jolly-boat, was hanging at his stern, when a view-halloo from a distant point warned him that the fox was gone.

'I told you so; he's off for the Forest; I knows he is,' shouted Billy, coolly dismounting to pick up the newly-lighted cigar cast away from Stoford's lips. 'That's right, give me that; you and your horse will smoke enough before I see you again.'

But Stoford heard him not: the din of war had commenced, and old Harlequin, one of Saddler's best horses, but a terrible puller for the first ten minutes, required all his attention; and any mistake at that moment would have been fatal for the day. Needless was that view-halloo to the pack; but the field, profiting by the signal, were just in time to catch the leading hounds as they broke cover and burst upon the plain. Trojan, like a Hector in war, was in front still; but five or six couple of hounds, flinging desperately for the lead, were soon abreast of him, and then the body of the pack filled in and steadied the work, as ballast steadies a ship in a gale at sea.

The emulation of foxhounds struggling for the lead is surpassed by nothing of the kind on earth—that of horses contending for the mastery in a race is but a tame strife compared to it; and now, with a fine scent and a flying fox, the intensity of the passion can only be likened to a sheet of flame rushing, like a hydra with many heads, through the dry withered grass of an American plain.

And now, as the hounds are dashing ahead by Coggs, Woodleighs, and Wilcot Cross, to the fair Evenlode, what of the 'field'—the hundred and twenty horsemen that met that morn at Tar-wood, and left it on such good terms with the pack? Alas! at least one half the number are scattered, like autumn leaves, over the face of the land; others, good men and true, but unable to live the pace, are coming steadily onwards, availing themselves of the broken gaps and splintered gates that mark the line of the chace; while a happy few alone are still able to keep their eye on the sport, and to live with the leading hounds.

'My horse loves water better than I do,' said Stoford, as he saw the willows of the Evenlode in close proximity, and the hounds making straight for the stream.

'That's lucky!' shouted Captain Evans, 'for that brook has no bottom, and has baptized more Oxford men than any parson in this country.'

'I've no wish to fathom it,' said Stoford, taking old Harlequin firmly by the head, and mending his pace as he approached the bank. The brave horse needed no rowel; the extra vice-like pressure of Stoford's knees was a signal too well known to be disregarded: he just pricked his ears forward, as if he were measuring the stream, and then swept over it like a swallow on a summer's eve.

Just below him, the Captain and Will Long, almost abreast, and

not a whip's length apart, landed together on the right side ; nor did Kellerman and the Duke of Chartres at Valmy lead their brigade in a more dashing style. Owen came next ; but his horse, already beaten by the burst, slithered headlong into the flood : four others followed suit, refusing even to rise at it. Of Owen nothing was visible for some seconds but his horse's heels ; and Stoford would have certainly stopped to lend him a hand if Will Long had not roared out, ' Come along, sir ; the gentleman will have plenty of comrades to help him. ' You won't see such a run as this every day. '

So good had the pace been, that up to this point the hounds had been throwing but little tongue. Now, however, the scent seemed to fail, either from the nature of the soil, or a change in the atmosphere, and Will Long's look became ominous. The hounds, however, dropped their heads patiently to the work, and as they entered the Forest the scent again improved.

At this moment, fortunately for Long, his second horse made its appearance ; and thus reinforced he was able to keep his eye or his ear on the leading hounds—an indispensable position for a huntsman in a woodland so extensive, and abounding with deer and other riot.

Foxes, on reaching a cover after a sharp burst, are apt to turn short in it ; but this fox went straight as an arrow from one end of Wychwood to the other, giving the field but a poor chance of recovering their lost ground. At Shipton Barrow, however, he bore away for the Windrush—a change in his tactics that happily let in some five or six of the stragglers, and Watkin among the number.

Up to this point the gallant fox had stood two hours and forty-five minutes before the pack, the first hour being as fast and as straight as any upon record ; but when he made that turn it was evident, by the old hounds dashing to the head, that his minutes were numbered. In those days it was customary for young men to ride for the brush, and Stoford, seeing the fox was sinking, had made up his mind to win the prize at any cost ; but, could he have lifted the veil of fate for one moment, and taken a peep at the future, he would have been more than reckless to have persevered in that fatal determination.

The hounds, now running in view, had crossed a strong ox-fence, over which Long, on his second horse, flew like a bird on wing ; but Stoford, miscalculating the width of the fence, checked old Harlequin in his stride, and brought him on his head into the opposite ditch. The horse then rolled heavily backwards, and crushing Stoford between the saddle and the bank, struggled desperately to recover himself and get upon his legs again. Stoford must have been killed inevitably if Watkin and the first Whip had not instantly come to his rescue. By their help the nervous old steed was held down, while a stranger, with great force, managed to extricate the rider from his perilous position. Being unable to stand, he was then laid gently on his back ; and, while Will Long was breaking up his fox within fifty yards of the spot, a council of war had assembled round Stoford to make arrangements for his farther safety and removal.

'Has any one a spoonful of brandy?' inquired the first Whip, not unaccustomed to similar scenes.

As none appeared to be forthcoming, Watkin suddenly remembered that he had seen Stoford fill his own flask at the breakfast-table that morning; but, on rifling his pockets, it was nowhere to be found.

'Beyond a doubt, it has been left in his great-coat pocket,' said Watkin, in despair.

'That's a bad job,' said the Whip; 'for, if Billy Lardner finds it, the gentleman is not likely to get either it or his great-coat before next hunting day.'

'That's unfortunate indeed,' said Watkin, observing that Stoford was shivering all over, and that, from the death-like pallor of his face, he might faint at any moment. But he was not long in determining what to do. Heated though he was by the chace, he at once pulled off his own scarlet coat, and with the tenderness of a woman's touch, he soon managed to encase Stoford in its voluminous folds.

A gate was then taken off its hinges, and on it Stoford was gently laid; while four gentlemen, divesting themselves of their coats, and laying them over his legs, bore him away to a house, the chimneys of which were seen smoking in the vale below.

'No Billy Lardner to-day,' said the Whip, as he joined Will Long. 'The young 'un, as got the fall, left his brandy bottle in his great-coat; and if Billy winds it, and draws that cover, the gentlemen may whistle for their coats, that's certain.'

'Well, I hope not,' said the huntsman; 'I never knew him fail before; and, remember, Jim, what an out-and-out fox it has been. When we got to Shipton Barrow I began to think he'd take us all the way home to Badminton. It's many a day since I have seen a better man across country than that young gentleman; and I should grieve to hear he had come to serious trouble with our hounds.'

'Oh, he'll be all the colours of the rainbow for a day or two, perhaps; but he's got a good heart, and that goes a long way towards bringing a man right again.'

'That's true; but 'twas an awful purl, and I began to fear we should have two kills in the same field.'

The house to which Stoford was borne belonged to a gentleman called Lampern, who, having realized a considerable fortune by his profession as a country lawyer, had lately taken to the more genial occupation of horse-dealing—a business in which, as an amateur, he was said to be thoroughly at home.

One look at the party, as Mr. Lampern himself appeared at the front-door, was sufficient to satisfy his keen eye that the boon of hospitality was about to be claimed in favour of the sufferer on the gate; and, whilst Watkin was entering into a rapid explanation as to the severity of the accident and the immediate necessities entailed by it, the calculations that passed through Mr. Lampern's brain, in that brief interval, would have done credit to Machiavel.

'By all means,' said he, deliberately; 'bring in the gentleman. A spare room can be soon made ready for his accommodation.'

‘He is welcome to it, and to any service he may require under my roof.’

‘Thank you a thousand times,’ said Watkin. And he and the bearers, under the guidance of Mr. Lampern, proceeded at once to convey Stoford to the interior of the building. At the same time a messenger was despatched from the stables to bring back a doctor from Witney with all speed.

## THE THOROUGHBRED HORSE.

Is the thoroughbred horse of the present day a descendant of the pure bred Arabian, or is he but the mongrel offspring of various breeds as some writers show him to be, and most people believe him to be?

This question I should like, if possible, to answer to my satisfaction; and if these few lines should provoke answer and inquiry I shall be glad, and still more satisfied should they lead to my proposal being carried out.

The state of the horse in this country at the time that the Darley Arabian was brought over, appears to me to have been very similar to the state of the inhabitants of England at the time of the Conquest; although nominally Saxon, for a long period northern blood had been dispersed throughout the land. Northmen from Norway and Denmark, the same race, had overrun many parts of England, and at the time of the Conquest the country was ready to receive a fresh infusion of the same blood from the Normans.

So was it with the horse. Arabians had been brought over in considerable numbers, and had already made a great change in the form of the native horse. Horses and mares described as Barbs and Turks had also been freely used up to the time of the Darley Arabian, whose son, Flying Childers, certainly astonished the natives of that period.

Afterwards appeared the Godolphin Arabian, and from a combination of the Darley Arabian’s blood and a mare descended from the Godolphin Arabian another wonder arose in Eclipse.

Some time later, from the union of a son of Eclipse and a daughter of Herod, who was descended from a horse styled The Byerly Turk, came what has been considered the greatest success in breeding, namely, Waxy. It must be remembered that Herod, the sire of Maria, the dam of Waxy, inherited two direct strains of the Darley Arabian through his dam, Cypron. These strains through sire and dam meeting in Waxy, was, in my opinion, the cause of his being so great a success.

The Byerly Turk, Darley Arabian, and Godolphin Arabian seem to have eaten up, as it were, all the other Arabians and so-called Turks and Barbs, who, although they had prepared the way, had not been able entirely to overcome the common horse of the country. But if the Byerly Turk were a Turkish horse, and the



Godolphin Arabian, as he is sometimes represented, a Barb, and these different breeds from the Arabian, then is our thoroughbred horse but a mongrel after all. But this I do not believe. I think it more probable, and would wish to believe, as does Admiral Rous in his work on the racehorse, that the Byerly Turk was an Arabian, but was called a Turk, probably having been purchased in Turkey; but Arabians are the horses that are used in Turkey, and, besides, Turkey is in Asia as well as in Europe. I cannot bring myself to believe that Captain Byerly rode a Turkish pony as his charger, but that his horse was in truth an Arabian.

The Darley Arabian was, I believe, purchased at or near Aleppo. There can be but little doubt he was a pure-bred Arabian, but whether a Nedjed or an Anezeh is not known.

The reason, I presume, of the Godolphin being sometimes called a Barb, arose from his having been sent over to France from Africa as a present. But Arabians of the highest caste are procurable from Africa, and it is not likely that a common Barb would be sent as a present to the sovereign of France.

Barbs, properly speaking, are small, common horses of the coast of Barbary, and are similar to what in the East are called Gulf Arabs; small, hardy, useful, but common horses, procurable from the coast of the Persian Gulf, but totally different from the real Arabian; so if these three horses, which seem to have eaten up all others, were pure Arabians, our horse is indeed thoroughbred. But I am compelled to remember that we know very little of the antecedents of these horses. The 'Stud Book' contains their names, but can give us very little information respecting them.

It is also quite possible, and most probable, that many of the Royal mares and Barb mares were Arabians. Mares would be more easily obtained from Africa than from Syria and Arabia Proper. The managers of the royal stud would of course try and obtain the best, and not have been content with common Barbs.

I am aware it is often asserted that there are several breeds of Arabians, such as are called the Nedjed and the Anezeh. The horse is the same, but, belonging to different tribes, takes his name accordingly. Some will tell you the Nedjed is the only pure Arabian, and not to be obtained, others will stand by the Anezeh. I believe there to be no more difference between pure Arabians than exist in our blood-horses, some being bred, for instance, by the Rawcliffe Company in the north, and others by her Majesty at Hampton Court, in the south of England.

Again, the Anezeh are certainly not always in that district just north of the Nedjed country, but the tribe wanders at certain periods of the year far and wide, visits the banks of the Euphrates, and in the neighbourhood of Damascus is one of the favourite camping grounds of the Anezeh.

Abd-el-Kader, in speaking of Arabians, says, 'I have seen among the Anezeh horses of priceless value,' in his interesting letter to General Dumas. I do not think he mentions the Nedjed.

Palgrave, on the contrary, speaks with great enthusiasm of the Nedjed horses which he had seen in the stable of the Wahabite king (Central Arabia). Whether they were bred by the king, or only collected by or for him, I do not know. He says that they were the pick of the celebrated breed of Nedjed, the finest of all descriptions of Arab horses. They were chiefly of a clear grey or light chesnut (bay being a colour that never occurred), with occasionally white, black, and deep chesnut.

Probably these were the favourite colours of the Wahabite king, and no horses of any other colour were admitted into so exclusive a stable. But does he mean to infer that there are no bays or browns among the Arabians of Nedjed?

The Darley Arabian has been described as a bay horse, whose figure contained every point, without much show, that could be desired in a turf horse.

Again, Layard makes mention of the Shammar tribe, who were about him during the excavations at Nineveh, and speaks with the greatest admiration of some of their mares, and of one in particular, belonging to a sheikh, as one of the most beautiful creatures he had ever seen.

The Shammar tribe came, I believe, from the Nedjed country. When they left, they would also take their horses with them. The comparative excellence of their horses and those of the Anezeh could easily be ascertained, should any real difference exist. Sofuk, their sheikh, appears to have possessed a mare of matchless beauty. Her dam, Kubleh, was still more celebrated for her speed and powers of endurance, whose renown extended from the sources of the Khabour to the end of the Arabian promontory.

I do not mean to dispute that our thoroughbred horse (hoping and trying to believe that he is descended entirely from pure Arabian blood, the old stock, and any inferior crosses having been washed away entirely by the unequalled Arabian blood supposed to be derived from the three above-named horses) may not be superior in speed and endurance to any Arabian, but I do not think it has ever been satisfactorily proved.

We may remember, some few years ago, an English mare, not quite thoroughbred, was sent out to Egypt and ran a match against an Arab; I think the distance was eight miles. The mare won with ease; but a few months since, an English thoroughbred horse was unsuccessful in a ninety-mile match with an Arab in Egypt, owing to his falling lame behind when his rider says he had only a few miles to go, and felt he had the race well in hand: it was, however, no race, as the Arab did not bring home his proper weight by about five pounds; but allowing that the English thoroughbred horse is now superior to the Arabian, I am by no means sure that we have the best horse that can be produced; in other words, I feel sure the Arabian horse is capable of being brought to a higher state of excellence.

The thoroughbred horse has been forced upon us. A few spirited and farseeing men, from time to time, have been found to bring into this country the valuable Arabian blood; but how coldly and suspiciously has it always been looked upon. Few horses were bred from the Darley Arabian; the Godolphin was despised, and, but for an accident, his name would never have been handed down to posterity; and I think the same spirit is among us now: we do not want to have improvement; we are satisfied with thinking we have the best.

I am aware that occasionally a few Arab horses have been tried in this country as stallions, and without success. To that I have two answers. First, I must ask, has any care been taken in getting the best and purest bred Arabian? have the best mares been sent to them? and has the blood been persevered with? Secondly, it is not likely that the immediate produce of an Arabian and an English-bred mare could possibly compete, with any chance of success, with a first-class racer of the present day; but let a company be organized, or a plan set on foot, to send out trustworthy agents to Arabia proper, Syria, and Mesopotamia, to become thoroughly acquainted with the Arabian horse, ascertain if there be any real difference in the supposed breeds—as, for instance, between the Anezeh and Nedjed; find out the best, and select the choicest that can be purchased, no matter at what price, a few horses and several mares; then let these be bred from *alone, not mixed in any way with our present breed*, and I am convinced, in a few generations, the new breed of thoroughbreds would far surpass the present in speed, endurance, courage, nobleness, and beauty.

To me it seems obvious, that if our present breed has reached such a high state of excellence from the introduction of the three imported horses to the former impure stock of the country, far greater excellence would be obtained by breeding *alone*, as I have suggested, from horses and mares of the highest and purest Arabian blood; we should then start on no uncertain base, but should at once begin upon a reliable foundation. Then should we have a true *thoroughbred* horse. Then could I say, with Admiral Rous in his clever work 'The English Racehorse,' there would be nothing like an English racehorse, *alias* the pure Eastern exotic, whose pedigree may be traced for two thousand years, the true son of Arabia, without a drop of English blood in his veins. Early attention and good keep of the young stock would soon raise the standard from fourteen hands two or three inches, to fifteen hands two or three inches, or higher, if necessary.

Let us now review the rise and progress of the racehorse.

James I. bought an Arabian of Mr. Markham for 500l. (there had doubtless been some few Arabians brought over before—indeed we have heard that a certain Scotch monarch gave one or more Arabians to one of his Scottish churches some five hundred years before), and he would have some influence on the running horse of the period; and during the reign of Charles II., Admiral Rous tells

us, racehorses assumed an improved character, owing to the numerous importations of Arabian horses, Royal and Barbs mares. As I have said before, many of these latter may have been Arabian mares; and in 1710, the fact became evident that the old stock could not contend with the Arabians or Barbs or their immediate descendants; by this time the blood of Captain Byerley's horse had doubtless made itself felt. About this time, also, Mr. Darley's Arabian was brought over; and Flying Childers appeared in 1715—I expect an astonishing improvement upon anything that had been brought out; and from his brother was descended Eclipse, who was descended, on his dam's side, from the Godolphin Arabian, who appeared in 1724; Waxy, foaled in 1790, a grandson of Eclipse. Even if we allow the Byerley Turk, his dam's paternal ancestor, not to have been an Arabian, yet Waxy was a beautifully bred horse, almost, if not quite, pure Arabian, descended in the direct male line from the Darley Arabian, and inheriting two strains of his blood from Maria by Herod, his dam (Herod's dam, Cypron, having two strains of the Darley Arabian); and again, Maria's dam, Lisette, got by Snap, another descendant of the Darley Arabian, would give him another—in all four strains of that blood. The same blood seems to exist through Eclipse's other descendants, Mercury, Joe Andrews, and Benington, their dams, or the dams of their immediate descendants, having been got by Herod or his son, Highflyer, through which horses, on the dam's side, as before said, they get strains of the Darley Arabian.

The more this blood is stuck to by breeders, and the more it be perpetuated, the purer will the breed of horses become; and the more pure the better they will be, in my opinion. So even our present stock is, I think, capable of improvement; but the plan I have proposed, of importing horses and mares of the purest Arabian blood, and that bred from *alone*, would be far better.

There were two other imported horses, called the Wellesley Grey and Chesnut, Arabians; from the former was descended Lillias (an Oaks winner); but the want of continued success from this source is not to be wondered at, the 'Stud Book' styles them 'so-called Arabians,' but says they were evidently *not* Arabians. The former was a horse of good shape, with size and substance of an English hunter. They may have been horses from Dongola (Nubia), which are very different from pure Arabians, and it has been stated few of them are less than sixteen hands.

In this great and wealthy country, in this horse-loving England, the love of which we have inherited from our Norman ancestors, cannot funds be found to make the attempt of even surpassing our apparently unequalled horses?

## THE HUNTING DOCTOR.

JOHN BROWN was a country doctor, but he was by no means resigned to his fate. He felt he was intended for better things. He felt like the round peg in the square hole, and declared there was some mistake. Nature must have designed a smoother fit. It was his firm conviction he had been changed at nurse—snatched from the cradle of some lordly inheritance to live by the maladies that others die of. ‘Am I to believe,’ he used to soliloquize, ‘that Providence would have tantalized me with all the tastes of a rich man and the crust of a poor one? If I am endowed with the keen zest of a sportsman, and taste for the beautiful in nature and in art, of course I was intended to “come of age” to something better than a mere fluctuating estate in mumps, measles, or scarlatina. How do I know but some base-born fellow, with my nurse for a mother, is at this moment popping at the woodcocks, or crying “Tally-ho!” in the coverts of my ancestral estate?’

But the John Brown aforesaid was not the man to be put down easily. If he could not have all—he would have all he could get, out of the fun of this world. ‘Never say die!’ was his cheering word to his patients, and he acted up to the maxim himself. He had not what they call success in life; he was too fond of joking—too light-hearted—too witty—too clever—and, what was worse, too much of a gentleman. ‘Confound them!’ he used to say, ‘to find fault with my merriment: why, it is a doctor’s place to keep people *alive* at all times and in all seasons.’ So he would tell you a story while he was setting your leg; and, if the story was a long one, some ill-natured people declared he would keep on setting your leg till the story was ended.

On one occasion John Brown was called off in a hurry to see the Rev. Jabez Soper, Independent minister of Ebenezer Chapel. The reverend gentleman had gone to Tavytown to audit the chapel accounts; and, although usually a sober and respectable man, he was accidentally overtaken for the first time in his life by a little drop of liquor. When John Brown came in, he heard Jabez, half-sobered, bemoaning his demoralized condition over and over again, in these words: ‘If I, Jabez Soper, were to be called to my great account, what *should* I say?’ This was too much for John Brown. The spirit of fun threw him at once off his guard, and he called out in answer to this hiccuping lamentation, ‘Say? Why, say you’d been to Tavytown Chapel—found all correct—had a glass on the strength of it—got overcome for the first time in your life. Mind you say that—and they won’t be hard upon you. But don’t try it on with any Methody lies. ’T won’t do up there—sure to find you out.’

Next day Jabez remembered the doctor’s joke more than his own relapse, so he called in another medical man; and all the chapel

interest—a very unhealthy, dyspeptic fraternity—from that joke forth was lost to poor Brown.

This was all of a piece with the rest of John's life. If you cautioned him against his merry mood, he would say, 'I know I can't afford it—a proof I am not in the station for which, I say, I was born: it would then be the right thing in the right place. A man never rises in the world, balloon fashion, of his own levity. A man who lives in defiance of all the laws of *gravity* can't prosper. I ought to be dull to seem deep, and heavy to seem dignified. As it is, one half the parish is afraid of me, and the other half doesn't understand me.'

If there was one thing more than another that John Brown's soul did love, it was fox-hunting. He would buy a screw fit for nothing but to go across country, and put up with his tripping and stumbling all through the summer, and even walk instead of ride on his doctor's rounds, for the hope of hunting him in the winter—and, too often, only the *hope*. Brown was rarely seen at a meet. Dozens of times in the course of the season he would cram the morrow's visits into the day, rise early, put on the scarlet and the buckskins, and start from his door in all the ecstasies of anticipation—alas! only to be stopped by some breathless messenger, and sent back to his surgery to kick off his tops and change his clothes with a sigh.

Never shall I forget one long-looked-for day, when there was a lawn meet and breakfast at Lord Hopeton's, and Brown was specially invited: for his lordship, knowing Brown's kindly nature, entered into his odd ways, and always sent for him when there was fun expected of any kind. But Brown couldn't come. Mr. Rogers, the stout grocer, had died of a dysentery five days before, and was to be buried the day of the meet. Still, as Lord Hopeton would not take 'No' for an answer, and John was the wrong man often to say 'No,' either to himself or others, John thought he would try what he could do. So, calling on Mrs. Rogers sympathetically, he dropped a hint that her beloved husband would not keep. But it was no go. Mrs. Rogers replied, with a spirit of her own, 'He must keep, and 'should keep!' and the melancholy *cortège* started just after the hour of my lord's breakfast—the funeral and the meet fixed both together. Well, we ran our fox to Harkam Bottom, where we lost him in the middle of as fine a run as a gentleman could desire. Yes, we lost him hopelessly, as we feared, when Lord Hopeton espied John Brown coming down the lane at the head of the funeral procession, with a face of agony in front, and black hat-band flapping down behind.

'I'll bet a hundred Brown has seen him, if any one has,' said his lordship; 'but one can't go and ask him.' But at that moment we saw the poor fellow take off his hat. It was enough. Brown had come to where he had seen the fox cross. The hounds were set on, and all went well; but, as I passed Brown, I saw under a hat-band such a face I shall never see again. If Sir J. Reynolds said you could only have one expression in one face at the same time, he should

have seen John Brown's, that's all. For here was depicted all in one, decent respect for the departed—fun irrepressible at the drollery of his situation—excitement at the chase—all mingled with unutterable woe.

His lordship was so annoyed at his disappointment, and felt so sorry for the doctor, whose 'heart was not in the coffin there with 'Cæsar,' that he fixed a meet at the Oaks in the following week, and Brown was to dine with him in the evening.

Up in the morning early was Brown, despatching eggs and coffee, and topping up with a glass of sherry, and carolling out with his cheery voice, 'A southerly wind and a cloudy sky,' spreading excitement through his whole household from the cookmaid upwards.

At half-past nine precisely he danced rather than walked towards the stable, where he met a boy on a ragged pony. Poor Brown's heart dropped like the quicksilver at the approach of a hurricane.

*Doctor.* What do you want, my boy?

*Boy.* Please, sir, mother says you be to come and see father.

*Doctor* (hopefully). And pray who is your father; and where does he live?

*Boy.* Robert Dommet, sir. Five miles off, at Canford—home by the pump.

*Doctor* (hopelessly). Go up to the stable for me, if you please, and tell Philip to put my old saddle on, and take off the breastplate. And tell your father I will come soon.

Brown did not stamp. No.—He did not swear. No.—He was past all that.—Brown walked quietly into his house, and said, gently, to the servant, 'Bring me down my everyday suit of clothes, if you please. I shall not hunt to-day.' Brown felt that he was a martyr, and he determined to bear his torture in his proper character.

Brown mounted his hunter quite quietly, like an old gentleman going out for an airing. He began to sing, in a Gregorian manner,

'Be still sad heart! and cease repining;  
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;  
My fate is the common fate of all;  
Into each life some rain must fall,  
Some days be dark and dreary.'

But the tune melted into that of the 'Southerly wind;' and he gave it up.

He overtook the errand-boy, and said, quietly, 'What is the matter with your father?'

*Boy.* Please, sir, he is ramping—mazed—distracted.

Brown felt really sorry for the poor man. He felt a sympathy for him. He was, as Carlyle says, 'in the divine depth of sorrow;' and he felt towards every man as towards a brother.

Having arrived at the house, he met the mother waiting for him.

*Mother.* Oh, sir! I'm glad you're come.

*Doctor.* I'm sorry to hear your husband is so ill.

*Mother.* He's in a wisht way, I assure you. There's no peace in

the house with 'un, sir. If he goes on much longer he'll drive me wild. I'm most as mazed as a sheep already.

*Doctor.* Is he so troublesome? I suppose he is in pain, and complains a good deal.

*Mother.* Hollows murder, sir; there aint no pleasing of him. I told Mrs. Larkin. I says——

Here Brown went upstairs.

*Doctor.* Well, Robert, I am very sorry to hear you are so ill. Now tell me something about yourself. How long have you been ill?

*Robert.* Why, a good bit.

*Doctor.* Well—well; but how long, now, is a good bit?

*Robert.* I've been bad some time.

*Doctor.* But can't you give me an idea as to the length of your illness?

*Robert.* I aint never to say well. 'Taint no good to tell.

And so the conversation between the patient doctor and the vexatious patient went on for a quarter of an hour, during which long period the doctor painfully elicited the fact that Robert Dommet 'had caught a chill, taty-digging—had a cough, mortal terrifying 'night-times—couldn't hardly blow—was tissicked up, and sweat 'streams, and felt as if dogs was gnawing him—couldn't move nor 'turn in bed, and had no stomach for his mate;'—he had, in fact, cold and rheumatism. So the doctor told him to remain in bed; to lie between blankets, and to send to him for some medicine.

*Robert.* Oh, if it be rheumatics I don't want no medicine for that. Doctors can't cure rheumatics. A table-spoonful of chimbley soot in half a pint of rosemary tay, fasting, is what I takes. I only wanted you to look upon me for a satisfaction.

*Doctor* (groaning). Is that *all* you have sent to me for?

*Robert.* Yes, sir. I didn't want you to come a-purpose; but I told the boy to say that if you was coming this way to-day or to-morrow——.

Here Brown felt a lump rising in his throat, and, turning his head away, blew his nose violently. Then rising, and looking out of window for a minute or two, said, 'Good-bye!—good-bye!' and walking down stairs quickly, brushed past Mrs. Dommet, and was in a twinkling out in the street.

Patiently had the doctor gone through this trial. Sorrow had softened him. A man in sorrow, they say, is an angel. Brown did not smile once or crack one joke, but spoke gently and kindly to all.

On mounting his horse he took out his watch. He did not appear to be able to see the time very well, and then he looked up at the sky and watched the clouds passing over from the southward. At last he said to himself, 'And this was all I was summoned for!—'as a satisfaction! and to have my dearly-purchased professional 'skill weighed in the balance against a table-spoonful of "chimbley" "soot," and found wanting.'

'I'll tell you what, John Brown,' continued he, addressing him-



self, 'you have been taken down a little this time. Well! and no disgrace, I hope. It is a grand mental discipline, being a hunting doctor. It makes a man like the hero in a tract.'

Wearily and sadly Brown jogged homeward. It was the tenth time he had tried to meet the hounds that season and—missed them. He would give it up. He would try no more. Perhaps if he did not think of it so much, the love of the sport by degrees might leave him; as it was, he felt he did not care for it as he used to do. He must be getting older. He would find out some home amusement in which his children might share—something less exciting, which would not bring such a disappointment in case of failure. At all events, he did not care about it—not a bit. If he could not enjoy the sport with the same ease as other men, why, he would think no more of it. He was resigned. If he *must* be a drudge he *would* be a drudge. It was utter folly to attempt to combine the life of a country doctor with that of a country squire—insanity. He hoped he should never, never see a hound again; and—

'There they be!—there they be!—I zee 'um!—rinning. There they be! That's the squire on the grey 'os! Here, doctor, ride up the vield, and you'll see 'em. Noa, they be coming this way. Dangee, the gate's a-locked! Ride over 'un. Well done, doctor, that's the sort. Stop! they've a-lost 'un. No—yes they 'ave! There goes the vox through thicky gate. Tally-ho!—tally-ho!'

'Hold your tongue, you fool! you'll call the hounds off their line. Stand still, for your life! The leading hound has got it,' said the doctor, as he galloped up the hill to a point where the huntsman could see him; and then, raising his hat, made a silent signal, which Tom Yorricks well understood.

In about an hour after this, seven miles off, three men in a field were leading their blown horses, with girths loosened. There were five couple of hounds lying down, rolling, or walking about, and there was blood upon their faces, like the murderers of Banquo. One man of the three wore neither boots nor breeches: he had no hunting-cap, or crap, or even hunting breastplate; moreover, he was so covered with dirt that it would have been hard to have guessed who he was, had not one said, 'Well, doctor, you may as well let *me* have that brush. My sister wants a dust-whisk for her boudoir.'

*Doctor.* Yes, your sister is a deuced pretty girl, and you aren't a bad sort; but for all that (saving her ladyship) I'd see you both—first.

After this day things went badly with Brown. He lost his most influential patient, the Dowager Lady Grundy, through being absent when sent for on the last occasion, and his practice fell off. 'There is a moral blindness among the dolts about here that I can't cure,' said he to me: 'they won't see my merits.' And so Brown became poor; he said, 'as all the best men have been, from the apostles down to me. Never mind, it is the *bricks* that go to the wall.'

But, after losing almost everything but his unconquerable good-

humour, a turn came in his fortunes by the death of a relative, and John Brown was again seen by the covert side, but from this time regularly, and on a screw no longer. He did not ride, however, as hard and as straight as he used to ride, but hung about the high grounds, and looked on a great deal; and when I rallied him upon this falling off, he answered, 'I'll tell you what, Jones, it is all very well for a worked-to-death doctor to risk his neck. If the worst happen, 'tis but a happy release—a certain change for the better; but for a man of property to do so would argue an insensibility to his blessings. I know when I am well off, and have no wish to travel.'

### WHAT'S WHAT IN PARIS.

AND now that question is settled, at least as far as I can settle it. 'What's What' in the most dissipated metropolis in Europe is not a problem to be solved by the youngest student of life in that city which the late Lord Hertford was wont to call the University of the World. Entered on the boards of that college, you will see much that you can tell—much about which you must keep silence even from good, bad, or indifferent words. I am no moralist, no lecturer, and never had the faintest intention of showing up the occult vices of the metropolis of France. I write because of late years there seems to have grown up an evil habit—a disease—the '*cacoethes scribendi*.' 'Tenet insanabile multos scribendi cacoethes,' said Juvenal. God bless him (that will do him no harm, the cheery old infidel) for a fine poet. With Juvenal, or Terence, even a day and night at the 'King's Arms' (pork pie and last year's port) was endurable. Well, the disease does prevail, and I have small doubt causes many of us to bore our friends a good deal. To be sure they need not read us. Friendship may make a man buy a book; but then, being led to the Reading brook, twenty writers can't make him drink; and a friendly sleep may take the paper-knife from his hand, and allow him, when awaking in the morning with the calm consciousness of an intention to have read the book, to write:—

'Sluggard's Hall, Beds,  
'21 Dec., 186—.

'MY DEAR BORER,

'I never appreciated your character more than when I held in my hand your soothing work, "Early Dreams of One Worn Out." I fully enter into your feelings, and hope, if there is a second edition, you will allow me to ask you for a copy, as I put by for a sleepless night as others put by for a rainy day. When "stretched on the rack of an uneasy couch," or too easy couch, I shall read anything of yours, not only with pleasure, but with the hope that it will enable me to again subscribe myself

'Your overcome friend,  
'SLEEPY HEAD.'

But I digress. Many people write now. I think, indeed, we write too much. I do not speak of the 'better brothers,' such men as Digby Grand, Esq., late of the Guards; of Charlie Thornhill, Esq. (that fool of the family); or of S. Sponge, Esq., whose writing I love, while condemning his morals—his conduct about 'Hercules,' indeed, was infamous; but we smaller fry, we are for ever writing and trespassing on the kindness of our friends' intellects. I have tried to explain Paris to the public—I have finished my efforts—and if I ever write again, may it be with a better pen than this (literally). We are told that six millions of visitors will look down on us here in Paris next year from the pyramid of the Exhibition.

• Six millions, as I am a sinner! Some millions of those will come from England and America, and can read the advice which I have thrust on them. Let them take it, if they like; and if they do not like it,

'Let them lump it,

'And barring that, take a short stick and stump it.'

Above all, however, let them buy, pay, and read (if they like, that is, as regards the latter).

Still, in a concluding paper, I must give yet more advice.

Don't you hate advice, my confidential reader? I do, for one, and would never take it except under pressure. Moreover, you can get it everywhere. There is a saying in this very city, where now I am writing wearily for the very next 'Baily' (towards which I am, of course, in the position of that little boy to whom his grandmother said, 'Peter, love, you've three hands to-day.' 'Oh, grandma, you 'story!' And he held up his little hands. 'Yes, Peter, dear, I'm 'right. You have got a little behind-hand.')—There is a daily-used proverb, I say, which declares that there are three things never refused in Paris—advice, a light for a cigar, and a red ribbon. Still I must thrust in some more of mine. Reader, forgive if I bore you; and believe that I really mean as well as can be expected. Here goes, then. I will give you a table of maxims engraved on the walls of Paris by the exhausted peripatetics of the world.

'Don't come to Paris if you don't want.'

This is a golden rule too often broken, especially by Swelldom. If you expect everything in Paris to be exactly like everything in London, stop in London. Why expose yourself to nine hours of tight railway carriage, and an hour and a half of the outer misery of a steamboat, and that is better than the inner horror, if you know that you shall see everything on the banks of the Seine just as you left them on the banks of the Thames? According to the original proprietor of Goshambury racecourse, some philosopher once said that life and death were just the same. 'Then,' said somebody else, 'why don't you 'kill yourself?' 'Simply,' replied the lover of wisdom (and perhaps a little of himself), 'because there is no difference.' Lord Bacon would then, I am sure, have said as I do—If you do not expect the slightest change between the capitals of London and Paris, stay where you are. If you happen to have such a thing about you as a good temper, do not be above wearing it travelling; you will find it

comforting and useful, especially if it is not warm ; as a peripatetic without one of these tempers—'admirable articles, adapted for travellers in any clime'—I may, perhaps, be allowed to say a word about them.

Aggravating is no word for the demons of travel. I include railway-touts, cabmen, porters, and the generic thief which springs up as we, weary, stupid, dusty, and desirous of bed, get to an end of our long journey. For my part I always lose the little temper with which I travel, as I hear the steamers go screaming into the station. I am prepared for the worst, and go into that station with no more a shred of temper than poor Henry Evereaton had of a coat to his stomach.

'Coat !' said he to his doctor ; 'if we wear such invisible garments, I am sure I must have worn mine out years ago, and have 'been working in my waistcoat and shirt-sleeves ever since.' You ask—'Is my plan good?' Au contraire. The worst in the world. You lose your temper, and a loss of anything is bad. Then you gain the hatred and malice of all the people at the station, who rob you within an inch of your life, prejudice the cabmen against you, so that he charges you double fare, and hands you over, with an awful character, to the waiter, who first helps to lose your rug and travelling-cap, and then ends by combining with his fellows to make your life dear and miserable. No ! Keep your temper, so shall you keep your property and your rug. So you shall have breakfast when you order it, dinner when you want it, and bills not till you ask for them, and then they will include not much more than ten per cent. more things than you have ordered.

Apropos, keep your temper, I say, but to promote that desirable end, make a bargain if staying for any length of time at any hotel, and if not, have your bill every day ; they may hate you, but they can't cheat you.

If I were going to Paris for the Great Exposure of 1867, which I am not going to do, as for my sins I live in the City, I should take care and have all arranged pretty handy. I do not personally care to pay above fifty per cent. more than things are worth. Of course it is a silly feeling—when we part with money we benefit our neighbour—but then I don't seem to care about benefiting my neighbour (who keeps a warm-bath shop), and, like our old friend 'Posterity,' 'never did nothing for me.' No, I want to benefit myself first, and R. of B.—readers of 'Baily,' next—myself first, you will understand, like a mild Eclipse, and the others nowhere.

We shall have a rough time of it, mind you. Swell as you are, my genteel reader, you will have to pay through the nasal orifice. Of course you will not care—why should you ? The wick is not burnt out yet—so 'Vogue la galère.'

We must end somewhere, and Paris as well as elsewhere, and then we go down with the respectable glory of having 'gone abroad 'to see the Exhibition.' But I moralize when I should amuse. Any fool can do the first if he is dull enough ; and I should be sorry to take the other burthen on myself.

When I look back on what I have tried to do I shake in my shoes. I am very particular about my feet, wearing 8½ very neat, so that really I have not room for much stocking; but that is 'by the way,' like 'notes' of which you may read in the 'Daily Telegraph.' I say I am ashamed of myself, and should shake in my shoes, if my man would allow me to do so, when I think of the task which I have attempted. Moscow was a great affair—so was Sevastopol—so were several other things—especially my grandfather's plan of gilding the 'North Pole,' as a warning to captains of the Royal Navy; yet one or two of them failed. But greater still

'Than this, than these, than all,'

was my idea of telling English swells how they should come to see Paris. Let us pause an instant. We are always pausing for instants! Not many days have elapsed since six or seven travellers might have been seen wearing their weary way—that, I flatter myself, is neat—to the forest of Compiègne. 'By my halydome,' said the elder or more advanced party, 'I am very hungry.' 'I have hunger also,' suggested the witty correspondent of a great journal—(there were roars of laughter naturally, still I fear they laughed at the coming breakfast)—and we passed on. You don't see the point? Possible—we have not yet arrived there. We went and had our breakfast at the 'Cloche.' We had a good breakfast, in fact, the best that ready money (and they give no credit) can command; and ready money, I have found, like the general of a division, commands a good deal. But what were we all? Done—simply done!—as you all will be, if you are not careful—and really, my dear Swell, you know that afford it you can't. Do not be angry: 'Writing obliges,' as the old French proverb so tersely says. Done, I assure you. We had a good breakfast: coffee good, liqueurs *hors ligné*, but we were done. We paid for what we had. I expect you visitors to Paris in 1867 will have to do exactly the same.

Still, I say, buy 'Baily,' and come here. Come here you must—without 'What's What' you will not know what is. There's a mess again, is there not?

The fact is, dear children, you know no more of Paris than you do of that place where the gentleman wished he was a missionary bird of prey:

'Would I were a cassowary on the plains of Timbuctoo,  
I would eat a missionary, hat and coat and hymn-book too.'

You come like lambs to a social slaughter, and will be consumed next year without even mint-sauce! You are all utter duffers—let me say so. You get up and yawn when you are called, and from that moment your life lapses into the care of 'your own man.' When he has done seeing Paris, boys, likely he will let you get a glance, but not before.

Bah! Gentle youth, get up and help yourself. Energy, talent, pluck, you have it all, and nobody like you—so I say help yourself.

To the general public I have one word of advice. I hope they will accept it in the spirit in which it is given. I have tried to tell

you several things—I have strived to impart knowledge. Like my impudence, is it not?

I have said do so, and don't do so; I have said go there, and stay away from there; and finally, I end my long tale by saying, not 'Go, 'little book,' as a certain classical authority once said, but 'Go and 'buy this little book,' which 'What's What in Paris' especially dedicates to 'Who's Who in London.' May task is done—it was a pleasant one; and as the New Year sounds, I go to bed and to rest, without fear of publishers or devils—I mean printers' devils.

## MY FIRST STEEPLE-CHASE.

BY AN IRREGULAR TROOPER.

THERE is not a more jolly station between the Himalaya and Cape Comorin than Secundrabad, or rather there was not in my day, for the episode I am about to relate occurred more than twenty years ago, and since then the country has undergone great changes for the worse. *Tempora mutantur*,—I have only to look at my own dilapidated hulk to mark the ravages that time and the chances of war have effected, and I am painfully made aware that it would require a great stretch of the imagination to idealize the fact that the writer of these pages once rode seven stone eight, and is the same slim curly-headed youngster who, in those days, glamourised the heart of many a bearded veteran when he trod the Thespian boards, arrayed in the *corsage et jupons* that once belonged to a fascinating and piquante little *partie* who shall be nameless. Heigh ho!—

'Fair woman was made to bewitch,  
A pleasure, a pain, a disturber, a nurse,  
A slave or a tyrant, a blessing, a curse,  
Fair woman was made to be which?'

But to my story. Never were a merrier set of fellows assembled than met at the Hyderabad club to settle the preliminaries of Sky races, and discuss the prospects of the Deccan hunt, then one of the most celebrated meets in India.

Tiffin was over, and had been voted a complete success—how could it have been otherwise? for was not the roast ruled by the mighty Tattah, aided by the inspirations of the greatest gastronome of his day, Riddell, of the Nizam's service, the benefactor of the whole Anglo-Indian race, for his famous work upon cookery in tropical climates? Rarely had such a gathering taken place, for crack sportsmen and hard riders had come together from all parts of India to attend the meet. First and foremost was Captain Garrow, of world-wide reputation as an elephant shot, and one of the best flat race riders in the presidency of 'the benighted'; then came Fane and Johnstone, the champions of the 'Qui hy' division and their followings, with Gordon, Anstruther, and a fair sprinkling of 'Ducks' from the far West. Then there was Malcolm, the Assistant Resident, Eric Sutherland, Davidson, Orr, and a host of

'the Nizam's Irregulars,' Nolan, who afterwards fell at Balaclava, and some of the hardest riders of Lovel's hussars from Bangalore, Otter, Shortt, Chetewode, Glassbrooke, Madigan, and a host of 'The King's Own,' Bul-bul, Wylde, and a few other choice spirits from the Nagpore, Nebudda, and Sauger districts, and every mother's son in the Hyderabad Subsidiary Force who laid any claim to be considered 'a sportsman,' and their name was legion.

All had been satisfactorily arranged, donations had tumbled in, and subscriptions had swelled the coffers of the treasurer; even the ladies (bless them!) had not been behindhand, for they contributed a cup and a purse, and there was every prospect of a jolly gathering and plenty of sport. The meeting having broken up, many of the party sat down to cards—bragg, loo, and vingt-et-un being the order of the day. Others amused themselves with looking on, and studying the game of a celebrated whist quartette, in which William Palmer, the banker, and Colonel Buxey Bird (said to be the two best players in India) were engaged. The billiard-room, where 'chick'\* pool was going on, formed another attraction, and there was a good deal of outside betting upon the result of each stroke. Gambling was not my forte, and there were too many 'knowing ones' about to make the game salubrious for a beginner, so I contented myself with watching their moves, cogitating upon the state of things in general, with a manilla in my mouth, and a glass of sherry and soda handy, when a peon entered, and to my surprise handed me a suspicious-looking little billet on highly-scented rose-coloured paper, with the address evidently in a lady's handwriting. Three chums looked queerly at me whilst I tried to decipher the motto on the seal, and an uncouth animal, a red-headed Scotch doctor, making a peculiarly significant motion, drew up the end of his neckcloth so as to bring the knot under his left ear, exclaimed, 'Noosed! by the piper 'that played before Moses.' A roar of laughter followed this remark, and I felt that every eye was upon me.

Receiving a love-letter is undoubtedly a sensation, and not an unpleasant one when the writer is young and pretty; but I fancy a fellow always feels awkward and nervous when his little game is found out, and I have seen the wildest dare-devil in the field, whose nerves no danger could shake, blush like a great school-girl whilst disclosing in confidence to his bachelor chums that he 'had put his 'foot in it,' and was about to be married. Gentle reader, imagine my feelings under the circumstances! When the roar had somewhat subsided, I opened the letter, and a glance at the contents showing me that my correspondent was of the male genus, I determined to have a bit of fun, and pretended to walk off in order to read the suspicious document on the quiet. This movement had the desired effect, and immediately I had half a dozen volunteers in case I might require a private secretary. 'Hould him up whilst he 'blushes,' cried one. 'Sure, I'll bet five gould mohrs he's not game 'to show us his letter,' roared the medico, as he prepared to bar my passage to the door. 'Done with you, Sawbones,' I exclaimed.

\* A chick, or pagoda, is about seven shillings.

'There's the letter, now down with your dust.' 'Read it out, Pills; read it out,' was now the cry, and when the row had somewhat subsided, the following document was made public:—

'DEAR HAL,

'Clara has made me promise not to ride "Moonlight" in the Moul Allee steeple-chase; and as I gave the Soucar Bunseedar a long figure for the horse on purpose for this race, and have invested no little coin upon him, I am quite at a nonplus. Will you ride for me? The nag is in good condition, and, if he is not in one of his tempers, may do the trick. "The Nina," who is looking over my shoulder, says she will bet any amount of gloves upon you.

'Yours sincerely,

'FRED.'

After the letter had been read, I chaffed the doctor to no small extent, for he looked unhappy at the price he had to pay for the gratification of his curiosity, and then wrote to have the horse transferred to my stable, as I wished to train him myself.

After-dinner we sat out in the open, and songs were the order of the evening. One of 'the Ducks' gave us 'The Land of the West' in very fair style, and as my stock of chants was rather limited, I extemporised the following:—

'THE LAND OF THE EAST.

AIR—*Bonnie Dundee.*

Oh! the Land of the East is the land I love best,  
It has charms far beyond any clime of the West;  
For the heavens there shine with an ever-bright blue,  
And none of the girls catch a tint of the hue.

*Chorus.*—'I kiss girls in the East, and drink wine in the West,  
Until I'm not sure which game I like best.—  
They may say I'm a rake, but fill up my can,  
For wine and fair women were both made for man.

In the Land of the East the maidens are kind,  
My heart, if I have one, is there left behind,  
But with which, or with whom, I'm sure I can't tell,  
For I've bask'd in the charms of many a belle.

*Chorus.*—'I kiss girls,' &c.

Mahomet the prophet, tho' no patron of mine,  
Because he forbade us the use of good wine,  
Allowed us four wives.—Pray don't say he's a beast,  
The law still holds good in the Land of the East.

*Chorus.*—'I kiss girls,' &c.

Now I, child of earth, don't see any harm  
To drink deeply of wine with a girl in each arm,  
For I'm fond of the sex, and enjoy a carouse,  
And old wine and young women are good for the blues.

*Chorus.*—'I kiss girls,' &c.

We had a very jolly evening; many a good song was sung, and many a witty yarn told; and it was not until the first streaks of daylight were visible in the east that the party broke up, although some of the old and steady ones who valued a cool head sloped away quietly during the short hours.



Early the next morning Moonlight was brought into my stable. He was a high caste dark bay Arab, standing very little under fifteen hands, and had many good points evincing great power and endurance, but his temper had been soured by ill-treatment, and my friend bought him at one-fifth of his value on account of his vicious tendencies. In fact, he had been turned out of a celebrated racing stable because George Smith the jockey had declared him to be dangerous, and would have nothing to do with him, and his character had become so notorious that Fred's intended had forbidden him ever to mount him again. Not being under petticoat government, I resolved to try his metal at once, and ordered him to be saddled and led to the horse artillery parade-ground, a large sandy plain, where I did not care for his bolting. I followed with Fred in his buggy, and on arrival at the ground had the girths drawn as tightly as possible, not merely to keep the saddle in its place, but to compress the lungs, a plan which I can recommend when riding an unbroken horse, as to a certain extent it prevents rearing and buck-jumping. When I first mounted he began all kinds of capers, and I was obliged to flog the wickedness out of him; then he tried all he knew to throw me, but finding his efforts in vain, he bolted, and, having a good plain before me, I allowed him his head, and gave him such 'a gruelling' that in less than an hour he became perfectly passive in my hands, and we began to understand each other. I found him to have great bottom, and was altogether so pleased with his going that, in spite of his character, I made Fred an offer, which was accepted, and the horse became my own with half his engagement. I now devoted a good deal of my time to training and getting him into running condition. I had trenches dug and hurdles constructed in a quiet place behind the lines, where I could give him his gallops, and by the time of the races he was perfectly fit, whilst by dint of firm but kind treatment he had become thoroughly gentle and much improved in temper.

The flat races passed off with great *éclat*, the whole cantonment turning out to witness them. The Resident, General Fraser and his suite, the General and his staff, and all the heads of departments, turned out in grand style, whilst the Dewan and many of the Ameeris and native noblemen of Hyderabad, accompanied by some thousands of gaily-dressed retainers, came out to see the tamasha of the Feringhee. Troops of dancing-girls, gorgeously got up, and covered with jewels, mingled amongst the crowd on richly-caparisoned elephants or in many-coloured hackeries; and he must have been a stoic indeed who would not have been fascinated by some of the many lovely faces and graceful forms that met the eye at every turn. It was a pageant such as is rarely seen, except in certain parts of India where the native rulers have not yet been subjugated.

The momentous day at last arrived when I was to make my *début* in the pigskin as a steeple-chase rider, and I must own the excitement was tremendous, although I tried hard to dissemble my feelings and appear cool. The race was to be run at five o'clock in the afternoon, as by that time the intense heat of the day had passed away, and the power of the sun's rays was diminished. Soon after

dawn I had Moonlight saddled, and rode him quietly over the ground, which described a large circle round the usual course, the last half-mile being a straight run in past the stand. The distance was about three miles, and the fences would have been considered stiff even in Leicestershire, whilst the water jumps were decidedly 'yawners.' Moonlight cleared his fences like a deer, and his easy, springy action and superb condition was all that I could have desired. After breakfast I went to a large marquee near the stand, where a good deal of gambling was going on, and found, to my disgust, that my horse was not even mentioned in the betting, as several well-known performers were entered. So little, indeed, was Moonlight thought of, that the man who drew his number in the lottery the night before sold me his chance for a single gold mohr, which was only half the price of a ticket. However, I was not discouraged, and, in spite of the sneers of the knowing ones, I backed my horse to win 5,000 rupees, easily getting 25 to 1.

Having paid considerable attention to my toilet, and made sure that there was nothing in my 'get-up' likely to invite criticism or betray greenness, I made my way to the weighing-room, where, with saddle and bridle, I pulled down very little over eight stone and a half, being only a couple of pounds over weight, for I received seven pounds, my horse never having won a previous race, whilst winners had to carry seven pounds extra.

These arrangements were hardly settled when the bugle for saddling sounded, and, having seen to this myself, I mounted for the preliminary canter. As I rode slowly past the stand, in which all the beauty and aristocracy of the cantonment were assembled, a waving of handkerchiefs attracted my attention, and there was 'the Nina' and her party arrayed in light blue (my colours), whilst another who, in my opinion, was quite as fair, looked 'unutterable things.' Moonlight was in the best of tempers, and, although a dark horse, attracted considerable attention, for his coat shone like velvet, showing his condition. His appearance was hailed with a shout by some of the soldiers, who recognized me; and an Irish sergeant roared out, 'Sure it's the little black captain that 'll show 'em the way 'entirely, for my month's pay.'

After the preliminary canter we took our station, and seven horses came to the post. I kept behind a short distance until I saw that the others were ready, for I wished to keep Moonlight from becoming excited by the company of other horses. The favourite was a magnificent chesnut Arab that had won several races, but he appeared fretful and impatient, and I remarked that his flanks were white with foam before we started. His rider sat him like a Centaur, and I knew, if the race could be gained by horsemanship, where to find the winner. The second favourite was a grey belonging to a well-known sportsman in the Civil Service, but his rider looked far too heavy, and I did not fear him. The horse that took my fancy was a flea-bitten grey belonging to a jemedar in the Nizam's service, and had his rider only nursed him properly he would have proved dangerous. An officer of Irregular cavalry rode a celebrated hog-

hunter, but he carried too much weight. As the horses walked up the interest evinced was immense, and for a moment scarcely even the slight hum of the crowd could be heard. At last the word 'Go!' was given, and we were away. The jemedar on the grey made the running, and the pace was severe to commence with; but I kept close to the chesnut, as I felt that he was the most dangerous. Moonlight was doing his work well, and I had only to sit steady and keep his head straight. The first and second fences were cleared by the whole field, but one swerved at the water and two fell in. The jemedar by this time was three or four lengths ahead, and at his girths rode the civilian. I still kept close to the favourite, who was going as if he was conscious of what he had to do, whilst his rider's countenance was as calm and unmoved as if he was only taking a constitutional canter. We rode side by side, taking our jumps together, with our knees within a yard of each other, and for a mile there was hardly any perceptible difference in our horses' stride. Although the ground was rather broken the pace was tremendous, and I knew could not long last. I therefore held in, and allowed the favourite to forge a little ahead, and though I felt my horse was full of running I determined to nurse him. My anticipations were correct, for in a very few strides I perceived the jemedar's horse was pumped, and the second favourite's heaving flanks and convulsive twitching of the tail showed me that his bolt was shot.

The race now lay between the favourite and Moonlight, and so nearly were we matched that the slightest mistake on the part of either horse would have given the other the race. I had the advantage of a stone in weight, but that was counterbalanced by the superior riding of my adversary, who was the very *beau-ideal* of a gentleman-rider. All at once I noticed that the captain held his horse more in hand, and allowed me to take the lead at the water jump, behind which there was only one more fence of any consequence, and then a straight run in past the stand. Could I but win! I felt almost wild with excitement, and giving my horse the spur for the first time during the race, I crammed him at the water, which he cleared at a fly, and I then pulled him together, so as to collect his stride before taking the last fence. On looking back I saw the chesnut evidently labouring hard, for, having jumped short at the water, the bank had given way beneath his hind legs, and he was heavily shaken on landing. He scrambled out, however, very cleverly, and, struggling on, with the expiring effort of a thoroughly game horse rose at the last fence; but nature was exhausted, his strength was spent, and he fell on landing; whilst Moonlight cleared it, and cantered in past the Grand Stand a winner, amidst deafening shouts and yells of delight from the soldiers who lined the course. The race was closely contested throughout, and at the last was so near a thing that the victor could hardly triumph or his antagonist feel mortified at the result. Had the favourite not met with the accident at the water I might have come off second best. It was, however, a red-letter day in my career; and my heart glows with delight still when I recall to mind my first steeple-chase.

## 'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE—December Dottings.

DECEMBER this year may be said to have been the favourite month of the Water God, for we never recollect Aquarius to have been in such tremendous force. And, really, if he perseveres in such a reckless expenditure, it looks as if he would shortly come within the provisions of the Winding-up Act. Upon hunting men, he has been especially severe, for he has taken away almost one half of their season; and we really imagine he had listened to the prayers of the Humanitarians of 'The Pall Mall Gazette,' who want to put down Steeple-chases by legislative enactments, and bring the sport into the same focus as badger-baiting, cock-fighting, and rat-hunting. Surely, before this absurdity becomes the law of the land, Ben Land will be heard at the Bar of the House of Lords by Counsel, to have compensation awarded him, and the Household Brigade retain Sir Roundell Palmer, to show cause against it; and as they would be certain of the votes of the Dukes of Hamilton and Beaufort, the Marquises of Conyngham, Clanricarde, and Drogheda, as well as those of Earls Peulett, Coventry, and Howth, these Pharisees would, at all events, not walk over the Course. But, seriously speaking, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which we would not for worlds disparage, could not have taken a more suicidal course for their own interests than that of endeavouring to take legal proceedings against the owners of those horses which fell at the Croydon Steeple-chases. The funds of the Society are subscribed for a particular purpose; namely, to meet individual cases of cruelty to an animal by a brute in the human form; and if they are diverted from this course, then the Committee are no longer fit recipients of the public money. We have seen it stated 'in another place,' that people need not be amazed at these proceedings, as the promoter of them, the Secretary of the Society rejoices in the name of Love, and from time immemorial Love and Folly have been held to be synonymous. Next we shall hear, we suppose, of the Society having an officer attached to every Hunt in the country, with a view of reporting to head-quarters, the various falls that take place during 'the runs of the season;' and should this really take place, we hope they will be required to distinguish those which were occasioned by the helplessness of the horse, and the inability of the rider, that the fines may be equitably adjusted.

In looking over the running of the year, the Dover stable comes out in *alto relievo* from the others, for Lord Lyon's six races brought in no less than 20,350*l.*; while the eleven of Achievement realized 10,387*l.*—nearly twice as much as the Oaks winner, Tormentor, whose five races netted 5,610*l.* And although The Rake won only twice, as the Blenkiron Plate was one of his credits he has trodden very closely on the heels of the Oaks winner. The unpopular Rustic, with all his defects of temper, must be said to have at least paid his way, when his name stands good for 4,635*l.* Hermit, who won four out of the six times he started, and Marksman (of whom *en passant* we may remark we have heard the very best accounts lately), who could only get first five times out of the thirteen he was stripped, are close together, there being only a balance of 105*l.* in favour of the former; and Vauban, The Duke, Lecturer, and Repulse, all in the same stable, come next, as it were, in a cluster. Queen of Trumps has ran oftener than any other animal this year, having gone to the post no less than thirty-eight times. And the others of which we have seen the most are Nukuheva, Discretion, Prodigal, Moulsey, Phantom Sail, Hopleaf, Professor Anderson, and Lydia. In turning from horses to their

owners, Mr. Chaplin has far away won the greatest number of races, for no less than seventy-six times have the judges seen the rose jacket first past their boxes. The Marquis of Hastings is a bad second, with forty-nine; and Lord Westmorland third, with forty-six. The Duke of Beaufort has beaten Mr. Pryor in point of the value of stakes by very nearly 3000*l.*, and, in fact, is the second largest winner on the roll, but he is one race behind the latter in point of races. John Scott has done very well for Mr. Bowes in winning no less than nineteen times for him; and we cannot see that those who have left the Whitewall Stable have bettered themselves. Captain Machell and Mr. Ten Broeck have run a dead heat with twenty-six; and Hayhoe has turned out twenty-four winners for Baron Rothschild, whom rumour gives out to be Mr. Craven's successor in the Stewardship of the Jockey Club. Mr. Savile has had a good year, and a couple of dozen races ought to furnish sufficient credentials for Gilbert's preparation of D'Estournel for the Derby. Count Lagrange has again had a good year, for he has got through eighteen races; and as Prince Soltikoff's list is only two short, the foreigners cannot say they have not justice done them at Newmarket, Lord Bateman cannot complain at having to pay his jockey twenty five-guinea rides; and there are very few courses where Moulsey and Queen of Trumps have not been seen this season. The Duke of Newcastle has won nine times, which is as often as he could expect with his young things; but Mat Dawson next year will not be content without a much larger account at Burlington Street. Mr. J. Johnstone has had a good run of luck with that going trainer T. S. Dawson; and Lord St. Vincent has benefited by his confederacy with Mr. Bevill. Sir Frederick Johnstone's thirteen items are sufficient to keep him with William Day, although strenuous endeavours were said to have been made to wean him at the end of the season. Lord Portsmouth and Sir Joseph Hawley, once constellations in the racing hemisphere, are now fallen stars; and Lord Stamford's efforts to get hold of a real racehorse seem to be unavailing. Mr. Brayley has made a very successful tour through the Provinces, and can look with satisfaction at his stable accounts. Mr. Reginald Herbert has begun well; but Lord Coventry has scarcely had his usual turn of luck. The Admiral's small stud have just paid their way; and Alfred Day has done very well for Mr. Padwick, considering how few horses that gentleman has run this season. The feather of the Handicap is Mr. F. Wombwell, to whom one race fell worth 100*l.*

We will now turn to the Sire List, that fruitful theme for argument, and which at this particular season is 'the order of the day' in every household whose owner may chance to have a brood mare. Stockwell and Newminster are, as usual, at the top of the poll. Achievement and Lord Lyon swell the former's credit to an unprecedented extent. No wonder, therefore, he is a complete close borough, and as difficult to get to as the House of Lords. Newminster's best supporters have been Hermit, Problem, Inez, Pericles, Strathconan, Alruna, Cellina, and Bertie; and he likewise is as great an 'exclusive' as Stockwell. Then we have King Tom relying on his Tormentor, Hippia, King Hal, Dalesman, Janitor, and Tourmalin, for a continuance of 'the kind patronage he has always received, and which will be 'his constant desire to merit.' Wild Dayrell can raise his head proudly, and point with paternal pride to his Rake, Robin Hood, Ischia, La Muta, and Molly Carew, as advancing his reputation. In the next class we have Rataplan, who is slowly working his way to the front, and to whom Elland has been the best advertisement that could be drawn out for him. Dundee and Prime Minister are much about the same form; and when the latter gets

bigger mares he will take a higher position. St. Albans holds his own, and Caithness and Julius are specimens of his procreative powers; but, from what we saw of his yearlings at Hampton Court in June, we anticipate better things for him when we take stock next season. Windhound is about stationary; but Windham, one of the very best four-year olds of the late season, ought to benefit him. Knight of Kars has got plenty of winners of small races; and Marsyas has distinguished himself by Gomera, Viridis, Pearl Diver, Satyr, and The Pieman, and he is still, we understand, a terrific favourite with Mr. Blenkiron. Thormanby has done well enough to justify his being put up to a higher figure, and his future is, apparently, all that Mr. Merry could desire. In Colsterdale and Skirmisher we are satisfied there is more than meets the eye; and Lecturer speaks as well for the former as Sealakin, Skirmish, Corsair, Eaking, and Maid Marian for the latter. And those who have suitable mares, and cannot afford to deal at 'the top shops,' may do worse than to come to these horses, all of whose stock have plenty of size and bone, and will stay for ever. Voltigeur has fallen from his high estate, why or wherefore we cannot state; and Muscovite, one of the cheapest horses we have always contended that was ever sold at Tattersall's, being knocked down for 100*l.*, is close on his heels. Trumpeter is one of the most popular young stallions of the day, and has had very speedy promotion. Salliet, Plutus, Raven, and Lady Bugle Eye are evidence of the speed of his young ones; and Danebury will always keep him supplied with good mares. Gemma di Vergy stands better than he has done for some time, and his 'little fish' are sweet to their owners. Crater, we hear, is all the rage in the Far West, a fact which would go to show that all the wise men do not come from the East.

Our hunting friends, we fear, have been so devoted to the turkey quills, as quite to forget the use of their goose ones. Still some stanch old hands have stuck to us, as will be seen below. Mr. Scratton's hounds met on Wednesday, December 19th, at Wickford Castle, when they had one of the finest hunting runs that has been seen by the oldest sportsman in that country. They found in the first cover they drew at Rettenden, at half-past eleven, and crossing the river Crouch, ran up to North Benfleet, where the fox turned and ran over a great extent of country to Norsey, where it is supposed the hounds changed foxes, ultimately finishing at Broomfield, at a quarter past three. The total distance covered was at least thirty miles, which was completed in three hours and three quarters. Out of a field of sixty horsemen only thirteen were up at the finish.

Mr. Leigh, the new Master of the Hertfordshire foxhounds, has been showing good sport during the last fortnight. On Friday, December 21, a fox was found in Bricket wood, which, after running through a large portion of the old Berkeley country, was run into between Box Moor and Berkhamstead. Bob Ward, upon his third horse, was one of the few who got to the end. Mr. Selby Lowndes, we think, is not unlikely to find himself without hounds, inasmuch as he has published a manifesto that if any but subscribers come out, he will send the pack home. Now, by all fox-hunting law, as long as he advertises his meets, he can prevent nobody from joining them. And if the subscribers are to suffer for the strangers, they will very soon cease to be subscribers, and the hunt become extinct. Of Lord Malden's hounds we have heard nothing, but that on the 20th December, Mrs. Beverley, the well-known horsewoman, had a heavy fall over a gate whilst hunting with Lord Malden's hounds, fracturing her collar-bone, and sustaining other severe injuries.

The Hambledon men have had a very good month's sport, considering that they have nearly been washed out of their saddles daily. On the 9th they

had a particularly good day, commencing with a sharp burst of twenty-five minutes to ground; then had with a second fox a good hour and twenty-five minutes, and killed. Their third edition gave them a good thirty-five minutes, with a kill; and their fourth, or supplement, a clipping hour and ten minutes, when they had to whip off at dark. On the 13th they had a rattling run from Botley to Allington, across the water meadows to Basingstoke, and over into the Hursley country to South Stoneham, where, after one hour and ten minutes, they lost him just at dark.

The sport with the H. H. has been very good, and up to this they have killed twenty-one brace. Their two best days were from Rotherfield Park: on December 10th they killed the first fox in forty minutes, and the second after a good hunting run of two hours and a half. On Monday, December 17, they had a capital run from Mat's Copse of an hour and twenty minutes, and killed.

We hear fair accounts of sport in the Craven country, although there is a great complaint of want of scent. The best runs have been on the opening day from Hungerford Park, a very fast forty-five minutes, and lost in the Sedworth country, and a first-rate day's sport on the 19th December, from Sydmonton Common, where they had one hour and ten minutes in the morning, and killed in the open, and two hours in the afternoon, running to Dean Wood in the Vine country, when the hounds were stopped at dark. There has been a change of huntsmen during the last month, David Edwardes taking the horn in the place of Fox, who has left.

The Hursley have had some fair sport during this month, and have had some good foxes. Their best day was on December 21, when they met at King Sombourn Park. Found two brace of foxes, but could do nothing with them. At last they found one of the right sort, in the Hare Warren, which he soon left, when the field gave him the chance; across the Andover road, over the down near Winchester race-course, then turning to Littleton common, making for Norwood, still keeping the open to Westley, through Up Sombourn, over to Astley Church. After a few turns in covert he was killed, scent good in the open, and horses beaten off to their proper places.

The sport at Melton during the month has been of a most inferior character, the heavy rains having made the country in such a rotten state that it is almost impossible for horses to get over it, as the many casualties in the hunting stables show. However, Melton is full, and there has been plenty of fun. An amusing scene took place the other day while the hounds were drawing, when a Yorkshire Baronet bet a noble Viscount a fiver that he could not ride a small donkey up Buttermilk hill, on Mr. Hartopp's estate; the bet was accepted, and the Viscount accomplished the feat, and received what sporting reporters call a perfect ovation. It is needless to add, the owner of the 'moke,' a little boy, received a liberal present for the use of the animal. Wednesday, December 5, saw the Belvoir at Croxton Park, from whence they had a capital gallop from Coston gorse through Gunby gorse to Easton Park, where they unfortunately lost him. On the twelfth they had another good day; and, in fact, they are the only hounds that have had any sport in the Shires this season. The Duke is out regularly, and rides as hard as ever. Mr. Powell, of Market Harboro', killed a very good horse on the 8th inst. over a high post and rail. He rides so well to hounds that it is to be regretted he does not seem to know, judging by the places he goes at, what a horse is capable of doing. Sir G. Wombwell has left Melton for Yorkshire, and from there we hear he migrates again to Lincoln, on a visit to the Squire of Blankney; Mr. Crawford has arrived at Somerby, and the Hon. H. Coventry has taken Knossington Hall.

The Quorn have done well on the Donnington side of the country, but not much on the Melton side. Pike is anxious to show sport, and is very popular.

In Yorkshire, they say, with Mr. Sothern, scent is one of those things 'that no fellow can understand.' Although the weather has been, to all appearance, cut out for hunting, we do not hear of any North Country packs having had a good month. The Holderness, we are told, always have scent—and Mr. Hall rides harder than ever; his friend, 'Banks Wright,' migrated the other day from the Shires, to look at him and his hounds, and pronounced his opinion in favour of the hounds, but objected to a ploughed field and an impracticable drain with the Holderness. On the 24th December they had a wonderful run, which is the talk of every country house in Yorkshire. They found at Bail Wood near Aldborough, ran to Owstwick and Barton Pidsea, then turned to Grimston Garth, and along the sea-coast to Cowden—the pace to this point was very great; then by Witherwick, Hatfield, Sigglesthorn, Catfoss to Vankeeling, where he was pulled down in a turnip field, after a run of two hours and fifty minutes, distance twenty miles. The worthy Master and his daughters were not out, owing to the death of a relation.

Lord Middleton has been hunting his own hounds—Ben Morgan having injured his knee—and has had good sport and killed his foxes. Being quiet and quick, his hounds work well.

Mr. Duncombe seriously thinks of giving up the Bedale county, and it is to be regretted he should have cause to. His supporters complain that he is always late at the meet, and that he will use his horn, although they increased their subscriptions on condition he gave up music. Lord Downe is mentioned as likely to succeed him.

The Badsworth have had a roundabout day, in which Mr. Horsman, M.P., was the leading feature, showing an amount of drive and dash that would be valuable if he could impart it to the hounds—Lord Hawke was 'up at the finish.'

The Bramham Moor have not done so well as last month. But Stephen Goodall continues to delight his field by his extraordinary energy and perseverance; and those who stick to him through the day and into the dark are sure to get a gallop, some hunting, and frequently a kill; for he sees a fox as quickly and as far as Tom Hill formerly did, and if hounds cannot catch him he can. They have had two more good runs from The Cocked Hat Whin, on Spofforth Flags, the property of Lord Leconfield, but preserved for the Bramham Moor Hunt, by Sir Joseph Radcliffe, Bart.

On the 12th of Dec., late in the afternoon, they had a good scent, and a very severe two hours, and ran to ground after a large ring—few horses lived to the end. On Christmas-eve, the meet at Wothersome was a day for the million—crowds of people on horseback, in carriages, and on foot, but no sport until the mob were told out, when a rattling gallop, just before dark, from Wetherby Grange, sent the persevering few home to their Yule log rejoicing. The Master is a turn slow—'name it not in Gath!'—and does not get to the front, and keep his field back as of old. Still the Leedsers think there is life in the old dog yet, and that when his son is strong and in saddle again, he will be as full of chaff as ever.

The favourite pack of the York Cornets, the York and Ainsty—(was there ever a cavalry officer, worth naming, who did not yarn about when 'I was quartered at York?')—this year can boast of none, and the absence of soldiers has been as great as that of scent. Still they had a good honest hunting run from Red House Wood of two hours thirty minutes to ground. On Dec. 18th they met at Nunappleton. Found, ran a ring, and killed.



Found a second fox, ran a ring, and lost. Found a third fox at Fearby's stick-heap, in Askam village, ran into Swann's Whin (a cover that Mr. John Swann, of Askam, has kept up for the last forty years for foxes), and could not force him out for nearly an hour. 'No scent,' said one learned man. 'Worst foxes in the country,' growled another. 'Gone away,' said Sir Charles Slingsby, that energetic, patient, and valuable man. Hounds rattled him through Askam village, pointed for the Bog, turned to the left, leaving Rufforth Whin on the left, skirted Knapton Whin, and pulled him down in the middle of a field near Poppleton; forty-five minutes, as fast as it was convenient to travel over such a strong line. Among those who went as well as any, and would have given Lady Grey de Wilton her work to do to beat her, was Miss Milner; but if she is not a little more patient, she will soon make the animal she rode rush as badly as the former one, which gave her such a bad fall.

On Dec. 26th, they had a large meet, and the Leeds men were in strong force with a plentiful supply of foot people out of the coal-pits. The Boot and Shoe, close to the wood, was full of foxes, and the hounds finding very soon, went away towards Middlefield, turned to the left, going fast for twenty minutes to Kippax Park, here they gave him a rally up and down Mr. Bland's flower-garden, from which they forced him away and killed. They found their second fox at Newfield, ran a large ring, forty-five minutes top pace, and killed him also. The third fox they found in Michelfield Wood, raced him to Saxton, and to ground in Castle Hill, after thirty-five minutes, straight as a land-surveyor would go.

'Who is the Yorkshire cad to the "Van"?' Is the question asked in the club, and by all those who love to study 'Baily.' 'Is it Read or Robinson, or young George Thomson, or can it be Blanché the cook, he's an awful clever fellow you know?' 'Tootle-tum, tootle-tum, tootle-tum-tay.' A happy new year to all sporting friends—it is our intention to drink in a bottle of Tom Wallace's '47, green seal, which Lord Frederick is always willing to lay 70 to 40 is not to be licked in London.

The York Horse Show went off remarkably well, and many good horses changed hands; and we were glad to hear that 'the chaunting' of the dealers in the Minster on the previous Sunday was first-rate, and augured well for the success of their sales. Collins, we understand, jumped off with the lead with Murray and Wheeler lying at his quarters, and Sankey, Parish, Mason, Burton, and Sharp in a cluster behind. This order was undisturbed throughout. Collins, who was never headed, choking off Murray's rush at the finish and going in alone. Had McGraine, of Dublin, however, been included in the field, the result in all probability would have been different.

It is not often we are called upon to follow in the track of Hazlitt or Leigh Hunt, and enact the rôle of dramatic critics, for we are so gorged with the love, murders, and suicides of the newspapers, as to be utterly indifferent to their stage representation. Besides, in the present day, actors are as rare as jockeys; and we detest 'gaggers' as much as we do 'images.' Still, the announcement of the 'Flying Scud; or, the Life of a Racehorse,' with the representation of the Derby, was a temptation we could not withstand; and, like Bluebeard's spouse, we were victims to our curiosity, and fortunately escaped her penalty. The audience on the night of our visit was of a most miscellaneous description, ranging from Members of the Jockey Club to card-sellers and touts; and the breathless attention they paid to the piece during the whole of the time it was being enacted showed the interest they took in it. And if Mr. Boucicault was proud of having captivated the Irish with his 'Colleen Bawn,' he may be said to have made himself quite as great a favourite

on the English Turf with the 'Flying Scud,' whose popularity, in all probability, will be made by Mat Dawson to extend next year to districts far beyond Holborn. The principal character of the piece is an ex-jockey, named Natty Gosling, who has ridden no end of Derby and Leger winners, and, from his style of conversation, forcibly reminded us of the late George Boast, of Epsom. The old man is blessed, as he deserved to be, with a pretty granddaughter, to whom he can leave the 'monkeys' and 'centuries' which were so lavished on him in his riding days by his masters, and which never had the effect of revolutionizing his brain. The 'old 'un,' it seems, has a useful two-year old, which he knows can gallop, and who figured in the Turf nomenclature of the Sporting papers as Flying Scud, by Hurricane. This animal, he tells a young farmer who lives near him, and is the Simon Pure of his niece's affections, and who dresses far more like an assistant gamekeeper than an agriculturist, will win the Derby; and he advises him to back him for it for his shirt forthwith, which he promises to do; although, from his running in the Criterion, he is not so sanguine as the ex-jockey, who, we suppose, did not tell him on that day, he only went out for an airing, and was not a spinner. While matters are in this state, we are introduced to a new character, a Captain Goodge, the landlord of the farmer, who refuses his application for a renewal of the lease of the farm he holds under him, and into possession of which the Captain has just come, as he supposed, under the will of a deceased uncle. This Captain we can only describe as being one of those snobs who 'are tremendous swells in a coffee-room,' and as destitute of principles as of manners. Being a rival of the farmer's in the affections of the old jockey's granddaughter, he very naturally refuses to listen to his request, and even compromises the young lady herself when she makes a similar application by locking her up in the next box to that of Flying Scud, and going off with the key. Of course she is released by her lover, who becomes as jealous as the Sultan, or a gentleman-rider of the present day; the more so, as during the short interval that has elapsed between their parting, he and the presumed landlord have changed places, and by the reading of the will he has been left not only the farm he has hitherto occupied, but the whole of the testator's property, real and personal; while to the Captain he has not even bequeathed the conventional shilling to purchase the conventional cord to hang himself with. And the Captain, having what is called already devoured the young veal before it could be distinguished by that name, the natural sequence was an invitation from the Sheriff of Middlesex of so pressing a nature that he would take no denial. So he accordingly joined the select circle assembled at the Sheriff's palatial residence in Bream's Buildings, the beauties of which have lately been illustrated with so much force and truthfulness in the 'Glowworm,' which is said to be a reflex of the sentiments of the Home Office, and a rival to the Court Circular in recording the movements of the Royal Family. In the scene of reading the will, Mr. Boucicault merely gave us a second edition of a similar one in Lord Lytton's charming comedy of 'Money.' But the latter author has spared us the painful absurdity of witnessing a man who has just come into a property, as well as a fortune to keep it up, putting it all on a horse directly he is declared the owner of it, in the presence of those persons who are called to hear it read by the professional adviser of the deceased. And from the manner in which the three worthies laid him their own odds against Flying Scud, convinced us they must have had very elastic books; and 'the fresh-catched one,' as the hero would be called at Tattersall's, would have as many friends, both there, and at the other subscription-rooms in the metropolis, as the hare in the proverb. Now in every-day life the hero and heroine would

have made up their differences, and taken their places at St. George's, Hanover Square, the dowry of the latter being made up of the Derby Stakes won by Flying Scud, exclusive of the hundred pounds deducted for the police. But, according to stage rules, virtue must undergo still stronger trials before it can beat vice at the finish, so we are treated to three more acts before the race between them is over, and the number goes up. It would, then, seem that Flying Scud has done so well, and been recommended so highly in the reports from training quarters in the 'Sportsman,' and so pleased two Special Commissioners, who ought certainly to have been brought upon the stage, that he becomes a prominent favourite for the Blue Riband of the Turf, as Natty, in language truly refreshing from its novelty, describes the Derby. The gentlemen, therefore, who were present at the reading of the will, and laid Mr. Meredith such long odds against him, thought it would be a better stroke of policy to make themselves safe with the horse, instead of with his backer. So accordingly they seek for an interview with Natty, and, after a good deal of diplomacy, obtain his consent that, for four thousand pounds, they shall be admitted in the disguise of blacksmiths to Flying Scud's box, and give him, not some Stilton beans, but a handful of corn that has had some opium steeped in it, and which will have the same effect as it had upon Plenipo, in Touchstone's year for the St. Leger. At first the audience (especially the pit and gallery) are on thorns at the manner in which their special favourite falls in with their views of the tempters; while the old gentleman in the stalls mutters 'Facilis descensus Averni,' and wonders why the whole matter is not revealed to the Admiral. But we are delighted to state that Natty is not so bad as he seemed to be, and, in fact, that, in Newmarket language, he was only 'kidding;' for in that spirit of candour which is so characteristic of English trainers, particularly of the Young King and Ben Land school, he calls the lads together and tells them the offer that has been made to him. He next produces the 'monkeys' he was paid in (the legs considering the large notes, we suppose, less likely to be traced), and proceeds to cut up one of them among them, which of course has the effect of rendering them still more devoted to him; and, at his instigation, they immediately rang the changes with 'the favourite,' and slipped into his box his own brother, who, strange to say, was a second edition of himself in look, but a year older, and a Plating duffer, scarcely good enough for the Consolation Scramble at Odiham. Then we have the morning breaking uncomfortably early at Flying Scud's training quarters near Epsom, and, punctual to a second, the legs arrive, dressed as mechanics, with a blacksmith's dress and tools, like John Ironbrace, in 'Used Up.' They are received by Natty, who tells the policeman to pass them, and gives them the key of the box, into which they enter, amidst a silence deeper than is to be found in an Indian forest, and the deed is supposed to be done; a lashing out of one of Flying Scud's heels being the supposed signal of the accomplishment of the nefarious design. The sight of the faces of the gods at this particular moment is, in the language of the United States, 'a caution,' for in reality this was the first time a Derby crack had ever been nobbled on any stage. Time, however, wears on, and, in spite of the opiate, Flying Scud goes on well, and becomes a greater favourite than ever. The Saturday newspapers previous to the Derby are full of him; 'Bell's Life' prophesies him; 'Merlin,' in 'The Sporting Gazette,' insists on his trial being the only correct one given; and furnishes his readers with the name of the Steward of the Jockey Club who witnessed it, and the maker's name of the watch he used on the occasion, and winds up by 'plumping' for him. 'The Scud' has also the able advocacy of 'The Field, or the Country Gentleman's Newspaper,' as

well as the strong support of 'Touchstone' of 'The Era;' the 'Sporting Life' gives him as the winner; 'Beacon,' in the 'Sportsman,' can find nothing to beat him; while 'Vigilant' not only goes for him, but tells his readers 'a Leviathan bookmaker laid twelve thousand to eight against him, 'in a line to a swell, and predicts there will be a pretty getting up stairs 'before the flag falls.' On Sunday matters are worse, for the yard at Tattersall's is as crammed as Mr. Bellew's church, and the endeavours to get on Flying Scud are very great and unavailing. Mr. George Herring will take a shadow of odds to a thousand to help an aristocratic client, who failed to get out at the right time; but as Mr. Stephenson only says, in reply, 'that 'Flying Scud don't win,' he takes refuge in despair in Rotten Row. Mr. Hill, who has a rare book, is chaffing his friends, and congratulates himself on having backed The Scud back, and making him a winner. Mr. J. B. Morris considers it a thousand to ten on him; and Mr. George Reynolds, who took the odds of a thousand to five a few times before he ran for the Criterion, having out of charity laid a Cornet of Dragoons, who had begun a Derby book, after the Leger, two hundred to one back, jumped into his phaeton and drove down to Greenwich to the dinner he had telegraphed for. Monday brought matters to a still more serious pitch, for 'Argus' who had spent his previous Sabbath morning with 'Lord Frederick,' (who had executed Natty Gosling's commission,) stated in large letters Flying Scud would win, and the nobblers be caught like a rat in a trap. Hotspur in the 'Daily Telegraph' nailed his colours to the mast with him, and Spectator in the 'Morning Star' 'saw' nothing else in the race. Nemo likewise reminded his readers in the 'Advertiser' he was a second Rataplan. So the 'Upper Ten,' as well as 'the Million,' being both provided with a favourite, the public money came up in such force, that Mr. Sydney Smith, in Jermyn Street, had to put on a fresh staff of clerks, and the other commission agents were equally busy. Captain Goodge and his friends tried to look at their ease, but failed; and 'Thomas,' who never liked them, made no secret of his belief that they were 'glovers.' Still they could hardly believe they were done; and Natty kept gammoning them—he was only 'playing the game'—and it would not do to blow the gaff too soon, or else they would get no more money out of Flying Scud.

Next we come to the morning of the race, and find ourselves on the course, and close to the 'Grand Stand. As Mr. Wright would say in his tissue Derby—no change. The Captain and his companions bet more resolutely against the favourite, and Messrs. Whitfield and Sherwood could not have fielded more stanchly, although the former might have laid his money at a better price. But while all our sympathies are being interested in Flying Scud, we are put into a great state of excitement by Ned Compos, the jockey, who is set down in the card to ride him, being led in *non compos*, having been got at like William Scott, in Sir Tatton Sykes' year, for the Derby, when Pyrrhus the First beat him. Of course there is a horrible consternation in the camp, and the head lad (very well played by Miss Charlotte Saunders, who makes up so like Harry Goater that his master could scarcely tell the difference) being unable to get down the weight, there would seem to be no alternative but to put up a stable-boy. This, however, is avoided by Natty determining to ride him himself, although he is five pound overweight, even in his plaid waistcoat which he wears under his jacket, and which does not argue such an intimate acquaintance with the laws and customs of the weighing-room as he himself would lead us to imagine he possessed. The rule, also, as to the time for declaring, seemed to have escaped his recollection, and we should like to

know very much how he escaped Mr. Manning's watchful attention. However, all's well that ends well, for the old 'un goes to the post on the Flying Scud, and taking the lead throughout, wins, hands down, and her name up in Fleet Street and at the 'Glowworm' office in a quarter of an hour afterwards; and as neither Mr. Barber, Mr. Graham, or Mr. T. Stevens ran second, the objections that might have been lodged about his nominator being dead at the time he started, and that the extra weight which he carried had not been published in sufficient time, were not made, and so villany was defeated, and virtue proves triumphant; at which somewhat novel occurrence the gods expressed their decided approbation. We have reason also to believe that, at the settlement, the Captain and his friends were long and anxiously waited for at the Subscription Room at Tattersall's, and the absence of their accounts mysteriously announced in the morning papers, was fully made known to the world by Doctor Shorthouse, who in 'The Sporting Times' gave full accounts of their birth, parentage, education, and probable transportation, careless of the writs which were served upon him for it, and which he immediately converted into pipe-lights for his smoking-room at Carshalton.

The Derby over, and the three robbers who have gone to the bad having had a Finance Committee, resolve to improve their position by two means which easily present themselves, viz., by forging and cheating at cards; and forthwith proceed to take lessons in the latter process, which consisted of what Fordham would call 'officing on their partners.' Experience soon made them perfect in their new accomplishment; and at their Club in Piccadilly—the name of which is not given, but into which admission, we should think, was not very difficult—they proceed to put their plans into operation. One of their pigeons is Lord Woodbine, who dresses like a second edition of Lord B. P., but who evidently has not seen the lamps put out quite so often, and who is desperately in love with the niece of one of the legs. And although his passion is returned, and he is first favourite with her, she positively refuses to accept his nine thousand per annum and peerage, merely because, like the milkmaid, 'her face is her fortune,' and because she fancies she has been used by her uncle as a decoy duck to win money of at cards. This novel creation of Mr. Boucicault's brain excited as great a sensation as Stodare's Sphinx, and was received with shouts of laughter. We then see the owner of 'Flying Scud' sitting down to whist with his three friends at their Club in Piccadilly, where, as may be imagined, he has just about the same chance of winning as General Shirley would have of being proposed by Admiral Rous for the Jockey Club, and of being seconded by the Earl of Glasgow. Of course nothing less than pony points are played, and hundred-pound notes are paid with a freedom which our compaignon de voyage, the Honourable George Vaughan, stated he had never witnessed in clubs of higher pretensions; and his authority being such a high one, we trust we may be excused for quoting it, as a Chancery lawyer would cite a dictum of Eldon or Lyndhurst. At last Lord Woodbine's eyes are opened, by witnessing the telegraphing going on between the confederates, and he denounces the lot as a parcel of swindlers. Upon which Captain Goodge challenges him to meet him at Calais, and his lordship having no gentleman rider, like Captain Little, by his side, does not think that cheating is a bar to an appearance in 'The Court of Twelve Paces,' and rather than his courage should be called in question, agrees to the proposal. And although his mother has been told by his lady-love that Goodge is a dead shot, and means to give her son no chance, and shoot him as dead as a Horney Wood pigeon, she, too, is squeamish that the courage of one, whose ancestors came over with William the Conqueror, should be called in question; and instead of sending to the In-

spector on duty at Vine Street, or telegraphing to have her boy stopped at Dover, allows him to go to the slaughter with an amount of equanimity that we hardly conceive would do more credit to a Roman or Spartan, than a Belgravian mother. On the sands of Calais, which was the fixture for this 'affair of honour,' we find the Captain and his friends assembled, and his lordship keeps them waiting so long that fears are entertained of his having missed the boat. At last he arrives, but without a second or pistol. These little wants are quickly supplied by the confederates, who oblige him with both, and in three minutes his lordship is supposed to be fit for the tomb of his ancestors, and several noble families, it seems, are likely to give Mr. Jay an extensive order for mourning. It happens, however, that we have been a little too quick in our conjecture, for the piercing scream which his lordship gave when he received the Captain's bullet, led to an examination of the wound, when the Captain's second, Colonel Mulligan, whose double may be seen every afternoon in Regent Street, discovers that it is his own niece at whose murder he has been assisting, and who, upon seeing the real Lord Woodbine come to the spot to which he has travelled by means of a special steamer, kindly placed at his disposal by the enterprising contractor Mr. Churchwood, is enabled to recognize her lover, and express her perfect satisfaction with the course she has adopted; so nobody has any strict right to complain of her conduct, and we trust she was allowed a Christian burial and not interred in the cross roads at midnight. This sensational discovery naturally brings about an *éclaircissement*; and Mo, one of the confederates, having come to the conclusion that it would be wrong to do any injury to himself, and to save himself from studying the recent improvements in prison discipline, splits upon his colleagues, and the piece ends, as all dramas ought to do, with the apposite illustration, of how much better it is to go straight than on the cross; and that Admiral Rous is a finer model to follow in the wake of, than the late Mr. Abraham Levy Goodman. The acting in the piece is beyond all praise; and Mr. Belmore's Natty Gosling a perfect creation which would do John Scott good to witness. And we must say a few words on the superb condition in which he brought Flying Scud to the post, for he was literally as hard as a board, and would have stood John Day's hand going over him. And when he had pulled up he was as dry as a bone. In short, he had never turned a hair, and while being 'Harry Halled,' he stood as still as the far-famed Trojan horse of olden times. In conclusion, we think a few more card-people might be employed on the stage during the race; and if the services of the Brown Duchess could be secured for the holidays, she would draw with certain influential classes. A word for Miss Charlotte Saunders' Bob Buckskin, which we can describe in no other way than being a Mayall and Southwell photograph of Henry Goater, while there is a freshness and natural tone in developing the character that has induced many who have seen her to imagine she has been through a tour of visits at Whitewall, Danebury, and Spigot Lodge, and was a great friend of Jem Perrens. The Derby scene is managed as well as the size of the stage will permit. Such is the history of the drama which brings Belgravia to Holborn, and is likely to keep up the communication between the two districts for some time to come. We have, perhaps, taken a different view of the proceedings to Mr. Boucicault, and ours is certainly a more worldly one; but we can in strict truth state 'we have 'nothing extenuated or set down aught in malice.' And we are vain enough to imagine that if our hints are taken in the spirit in which they are given, the merits of 'Flying Scud' will not be deteriorated in the estimation of the Sporting world to which Mr. Parry appeals for support.

Of general gossip in our note-book we have not much to relate; but such as

we have gathered we make our readers partakers of. Mr. Drax, it is said, has obtained a new trial; but whether it will be set down for Liverpool or Middlesex we cannot say, still from the new evidence that will be produced, we hear there is every probability of the verdict being reversed, and his being restored to society, with the privilege of risking his neck whenever he likes on weedy screws, over trappy fences. And from all we can learn of him, so far from being in the pay of a List man, he is a respectable Northamptonshire farmer, and the most that can be said of him is that he is afflicted with an incurable weakness for steeple-chasing, which has thus brought him to grief in a social position. And had he exhibited the same tact and discretion before the Court and Jury sworn to try the case at Aintree, as he has done since, he would in all probability have obtained an acquittal. But he was so unnerved at the stern unimpassioned visages of Messrs. B. J. Angell and Co. as to produce upon their judicially trained minds the firmest conviction of his guilt, and left them no alternative but to pronounce the last sentence of the law upon him. That the conviction and sentence have been productive of the best results we are free to admit; and we hope it will act as a warning to young men not to ride in public for the public money, unless they can do so with sufficient skill to prevent their motives being misinterpreted. And had Mr. Drax ever read 'The Life and Adventures of Tilbury Nogo,' by Whyte Melville, we are satisfied he never would have paid Redwing's stake to ride him at Ealing. But a rider of another, and a very different class, has also got into trouble, viz., Tom Aldcroft, who on looking into his books, and finding his expenditure had exceeded his income, pulled himself together, and coming with one of his famous rushes, has just passed the Judge at Leeds very cleverly. The immediate cause of the crisis is set down 'as inability to Bant.' Jemmy Grimshaw has moved from Newmarket to Bishopston; and, like the good and diligent City apprentices of olden times, is about to unite himself in marriage with his master's daughter. The vacancy occasioned in Count Lagrange's stable by the premature death of Henry Grimshaw has been filled up by Hibberd. And here we would fain express our regret, that last month, in noticing the conduct of the jockeys, especially the light weights, we inadvertently used Cameron's name for Kenyon's; but the mistake was so obvious, it was scarcely possible for the former to suffer from it. The Ascot Spring Meeting will be only continued for the ensuing year, in order to run off the Biennial, as it is understood Her Majesty has expressed her dislike to it. The West End Crashes still continue to be the talk of the town, and occasionally ooze out in the Law Reports. But although the subjects of them have, in commercial language, 'placed their books in the hands of their accountants, and solicited the kind forbearance of their creditors, they have as yet taken nothing by their motion. With the members of the Ring, who have not gone out of town for the holidays, billiard-books have been substituted for betting ones; and from their familiar talk of 'cannons,' one is led to imagine that they had recently joined the Honourable Artillery Corps. And, as an instance of how Brighton is crowded with them and other fashionables, we may state that a well-known Commissioner was obliged to delay his departure from London for a month, because he was unable to obtain stabling for his two carriages and six horses. At Danebury there have been great rejoicings on the revival, in the Day family, of the title of 'Grandfather,' which had been some time in abeyance. And John in his drab coat, on his pony, will, ere long, bear a striking resemblance to his ancestor, in the well-known picture over the mantelpiece in the *salle à manger* at Danebury. Among the recent signs of the times, we may mention the establishment at Holloway of a Boarding-House for dogs; who are thus

spared the *ennui* of their own kennels, and the necessity of providing for their own maintenance. Nothing can be more liberal than the arrangement of the table, and we are assured 'a dog cook' worthy of a situation at Melton has been engaged. The rules are admirably drawn up, and no latch-keys are permitted to the occupants, in order that 'loose dogs' may not obtain surreptitious admission into the establishment in question. The idea is such a novel one, we could not possibly allow its existence to lie dormant; and if any Dowager is thereby enabled to secure a quiet haven for the evening of their pugs, we hope to find ourselves the subject of a paragraph in the corner of the 'Illustrated London News,' and copied into the provincial journals under the heading of 'Curious Bequest to an Author.' The Hogg and Maxwell trial, relative to the 'Belgravian Magazine,' has come to an end, the Lord Justice having refused the Injunction. But we cannot help thinking he might have advised Mr. Hogg to style his work '*Belgravia Proper*,' and leaving to Miss Braddon that of '*Belgravia Improper*;' so that their respective admirers should know which to apply for, according to their taste and inclination. We have now, we trust, laid before our customers all the choicest parcels of news committed to our charge, and our vehicle is packed up to the height that safety prescribes for it. At all risks, however, we must find a cranny to squeeze in the important fact which has just reached us, that a sporting reporter left his purse with a hundred and five pounds in it, on the counter of the Strand post-office, while getting an order for the same number of pence. At first the authorities were incredulous on the point, and summoned those well-known and respectable members of the profession, Messrs. Hogarth, Harrison, Harness and Edward Smith, to give evidence upon the subject. And notwithstanding they were most severely cross-examined, they adhered strictly to the belief, that by no possibility of circumstance, not even by virtue of an act of parliament, could a London sporting reporter be possessed of such a sum. We are, however, in a position to state they were wrong in their surmises, for the coursing-field of Newmarket contributed the sum in question; so the old axiom of 'light come, light go' was again verified. And we believe we are not premature in stating that as soon as the Waterloo Cup is run for, the gentleman to whom allusion is made will sit to Madame Tussaud, so that the world may have the opportunity of gazing on a species of humanity rarer than the Aztecs or Julia Pastrana.

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CHRISTMAS AMUSEMENTS.

FATHER TIME, that much abused elderly gentleman, at whom the seniors growl for hurrying along and thinning them about the top of the head, and the juniors rail for not making them old soon enough, has once again brought us round to the annual visions of fairy land, good spirits, British and foreign, and Mr. Clown and his companions, concerning whose vagaries veteran players will shake their wise heads and say, 'Call that a clown—you should have seen Joey Grimaldi.' Fully alive to the benighted condition in which we have thus been placed by not being born soon enough, sufficient is it to be satisfied with what is provided for our amusement, upon which, as regards the present season, I have a word to say. Pantomime does not, apparently, entertain the affections of the West End managers; at only two of what may be termed the fashionable theatres is Harlequin and his followers called into requisition. Not so very long since Mr. Buckstone was great in pleasing the children at Christmas time, and his productions were second to none; but



the last few years he has abandoned pantomime, and after indulging in a trial of burlesque, has finally contented himself with producing a new comedietta and a comedy, of which more anon. At the Princess's, too, Mr. Vining, intent upon not very long hence producing a new comedy by Tom Robertson, the author of 'Ours,' has warmed up one of the veteran Planché's most successful extravaganzas. Consequently papa and mamma, should they think fit to treat their juveniles to more than two pantomimes, will have to journey over the water to the New Surrey or Astley's.

To begin at the beginning, which is Covent Garden: Mr. Alfred Mellon has not been wanting in courage in this his first managerial essay. The sum of money that has been expended on the costume and scenery of 'Ali Baba' must be something fabulous. Indeed, a more gorgeous pantomime was never put upon the stage, even in the bankrupt days of the 'Limited.' I have neither space nor inclination to enter into a disquisition on the plots of the various Christmas pieces, if, by the way, they ever have any. Suffice it that Mr. Gilbert A'Beckett, in this his, I believe, first attempt at pantomime writing, has displayed a novelty and originality of style that is somewhat refreshing after the copious doses of Mr. E. L. Blanchard's somewhat didactic pen, which has been so often employed in putting together nursery-stories and Arabic legends for Christmas representation that it has lost much of its ancient cunning. Mr. A'Beckett's 'Ali Baba' is a highly creditable production, and if he will allow me to offer just one suggestion, namely, not to write too much to gain the approbation of the gods, I have little doubt that for many seasons to come he will find his services in requisition. Of course, as regards the scenery at Covent Garden, there is little need for criticism when Mr. Grieve's name is mentioned in conjunction with it. 'The Enchanted Home of the Genii' is one of the most magnificent transformation pictures ever presented to the public, and is of itself worth a visit to the theatre, while the grand ballet and some excellent comic business in the harlequinade increase and fill up a bill of fare the goodness of whose items must be tasted to be appreciated.

It is unnecessary to say that everything Mr. Chatterton does at Drury Lane he does well. 'Faust' is a remarkable instance of his enterprise and desire to place everything he produces on his stage with all the embellishments and accessories that the painter's art or the most approved mechanism can provide. The preparation of the Drury Lane pantomime was child's play, I was going to say, but there is a great deal of child's play in it, and a great deal of labour and anxious thought it causes. Last year the great scene of the pantomime was King Pippin's Court, which aroused the excitement and delight not only of juveniles but grown-up people by the marvellous way in which some hundred and odd children went through all the mimic ceremonies of a court. Then when the revolution took place, and some hundred more came bounding on the stage, the enthusiasm of the audience knew no bounds. Mr. Chatterton has this year given us another phase in the existence of his little people in the scene of the 'One hundred little Nixes, who sat themselves on the shoemaker's and tailor's bench, took up all the work that was cut out, and began to ply their little fingers, stitching and rapping and tapping away at such a rate that the shoemaker was all wonder and could not take his eyes off them.' So says Gammer Grethel, and so do Mr. Chatterton's Nixes. Though the transformation scene, revealing 'The Treasures of the Earth,' is quite equal to all Mr. Beverley's previous efforts, and is gorgeous and beautiful beyond description, there is another of the production of his brush in 'Number Nip' before which it pales. I refer to the scene representing 'The Moonlight Meeting of the Waters,' which I venture to say is the most lovely picture ever presented on the stage. The delicacy of the tinting, the soft mellow light thrown on it, the entirely natural appearance of the whole, combine to make a *tableau* that the eye is loth to see disappear. In his magic scene, bathed in the light of a moon far above the ordinary run of stage luminaries, an admirably conceived ballet is executed, which excites much applause. I have scrupulously refrained from remarking on Mr. E. L.

Blanchard's share in 'Number Nip.' For selecting the story he cannot be too highly praised; for his interpretation of it charity forbids me to speak. It really is to be hoped that some of the 'comic' (?) dialogue between Prince Ratibon and Karl Krackwhipz will be cut out: the public are not always so indulgent as on Boxing Night. The characters are as well supported as the dialogue will allow them to be, Miss Lydia Thompson being as vivacious as she can under the circumstances. Master Percy Roselle is of course the chief attraction, and, as usual, distinguishes himself to the general satisfaction: I wish he had a better song to sing than the one allotted to him. In point of scenery, costumes, and ballet Mr. Chatterton not only deserves but is sure to obtain a repetition of the success that attended him last season. For information sake I may add that morning performances will take place every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday during the month of January.

As I mentioned before, Mr. Buckstone has contented himself with producing a new comedietta by Westland Marston, entitled 'A Mere Child,' which does very well to commence the evening's amusement. Then follows a comedy, 'A Lesson for Life,' in which Mr. Sothern plays a character that is of course made the most of in his hands. The whole piece is characteristic of Mr. Tom Taylor, whose sentimental vein is getting rather exhausted. His new comedy, however, is not without its merits, and, like all Haymarket pieces, is well acted and elegantly put upon the stage. Mr. Buckstone has not, however, entirely forgotten his young friends, but evidently not approving of late hours for them, has inaugurated a series of morning performances, commencing at half-past two, by a company of juveniles varying in height from thirty to fifty inches, and going by the singular *nom de guerre* of 'the Living Miniat-ures.' These youthful actors and actresses perform a little comedietta entitled 'Littletop's Christmas Party,' and a children's burlesque rejoicing in the name of 'Sylvius; or, the Peril, the Pelf, and the Pearl,' which abounds in songs and music admirably selected by Mr. Wallenstein. I can strongly recommend a visit to the Haymarket any afternoon as sure to find favour with the young people at home.

At the Princess's 'Barnaby Rudge' remains as the first item on the programme, an alteration having been made in the cast, Mr. George Honey now playing *Miggs* in the place of Mrs. Henry Wood, who has transferred her services to the burlesque. Somehow or other, however old they are, there is always a sparkle and brilliancy about Mr. Planché's pieces, and the 'Invisible Prince,' which has been revived by Mr. Vining, has a smack of freshness and vigour about it that is truly refreshing. It seems to run along so smoothly that neither the eye nor the ear ever gets tired. Mrs. Henry Wood and Mr. George Honey play their parts admirably, nor must I forget to say a word in favour of Miss Heywood, who fills the character of *Princess Xquisite-littlepet*, which, by the way, is a capital name. The scenery, which is by Mr. Lloyd, is, like all his handiwork, most admirable, and would satisfy the most fastidious critic.

At the Lyceum Mr. Fechter, after a prolonged absence, has made his appearance in the new play 'Rouge et Noir,' which, to a certain extent, is a success. It is, of course, full of melodramatic action and incident, and allows of a very large amount of display of the manager's person and scenic effect, which, I suppose, is all that is required. With due respect I cannot give in to the fulsome praise that is lavished upon Mr. Fechter; he has a good carriage and a sonorous voice, but he is always the same, no matter what the piece he is playing in, not forgetting that ceaseless roll of the eyes, in which he perpetually indulges, as if he were trying to look out of the back of his head. This frantic movement of his 'ocular horbs,' as a certain well-known theatre-goer is accustomed to call them, does good service when love has to be made to the heroine, but it becomes very tiring when practised perpetually through five long acts. Mr. Emery, who always plays his characters well, makes a fine part of the scoundrel in 'Rouge et Noir,' and Miss Carlotta Leclercq and Mrs. Leigh are equally to be praised in their several ways. Mr. Grieve's brush is again at work at the Lyceum, and with

the usual result—success. Those who like melodrama cannot do better than pay ‘Rouge et Noir’ a visit.

Mr. B. Webster’s lesscoship of the Olympic was inaugurated on Boxing Night by the revival of ‘London Assurance,’ one of the best comedies that ever was written, and a work of which Mr. Dion Boucicault has good reason to be proud. The character of *Dazzle*, which Mr. Charles Mathews now fills, is in every way suited to him; the easy, flippant, *sang-froid* man of the world is graphically illustrated by him, and I know of no part to which he appears to take so kindly. *Lady Gay Spanker*, with her ceaseless rattle and chatter, finds a capital exponent in Mrs. Charles Mathews, who made the little theatre in Wyck Street ring with her merry laughter. Miss Milly Palmer has made a bold venture in tackling the part of *Grace Harkaway*, but she knew what she was capable of, and the public will readily endorse the opinion she entertained of her own powers. Miss Farren plays *Pert*, Mr. Horace Wigan *Sir Harcourt Courtly*, Mr. Addison *Max Harkaway*, Mr. H. Neville *Charles Courtly*, Mr. G. Vincent *Mark Meddle*, Mr. Dominick Murray *Dolly Spanker*, and Mr. Cooper *Cool*. The host of names I have given is the best criterion of how the admirable comedy is admirably done.

At the Holborn Theatre that ridiculous burlesque on sport and sportsmen, ‘Flying Scud,’ still holds attractions for the public. What a pity it is Mr. Boucicault did not consult some person learned in racing matters before he produced his piece, so that he might have set it right in several particulars. Mr. Burnand, who is writing just a little too much, and consequently hurries his productions somewhat, has supplied Mrs. Swanborough with her Christmas piece, under the title of ‘Guy Fawkes; or, the Ugly Mug and the Couple of Spoons.’ It is by no means up to the very high standard of most of his other burlesques, and compares unfavourably with ‘Black-Eyed Susan,’ on which a word in due course. The familiar story of the plots of the gentleman whose festival we celebrate on the 5th of November, is closely adhered to, of course with a great deal of comic situation. The characters are well filled; indeed it is refreshing to find Miss Swanborough in a part that does not so severely tax her powers. So small a character as that she fills in ‘Guy Fawkes’ must be quite a relief to her after the heavy labours she has undergone during the last twelve months. The burlesque is admirably put on the stage, as everything Mrs. Swanborough has to do with always is, and Mr. Frank Musgrave’s selection of music is popular in the full acceptance of the term.

At the Royalty ‘Meg’s Diversion,’ a charming little comedy, and Mr. Burnand’s ‘Black-Eyed Susan,’ are likely to remain on the bill for a long time to come. The latter is one of the best burlesques I ever saw, and without commenting further on it, I can conscientiously say ‘Go and see it.’

At the Prince of Wales’s, ‘Ours,’ that delightful comedy, has completed its sixteenth week of representation, and its ‘drawing’ powers are still undiminished. Mr. Byron’s Christmas contribution is entitled ‘Pandora’s Box,’ which affords endless laughter and abounds in jokes, and is sure to retain its position on the programme for some time as an agreeable *addendum* to the comedy.

It is no part of my duty to deal with any of the other theatres. Astley’s and the Surrey both have pantomimes, admirable in their way, and well worthy a visit if any one is adventurous enough to migrate so far away from the west. My chronicle is ended as regards the Christmas entertainments of 1866.

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**and Turf Guide.**

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**FEBRUARY, 1867.**

**VOL. XII.**

**EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF THE EARL OF MACCLESFIELD.**

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**1867.**

# DIARY FOR FEBRUARY, 1867.

| M.<br>D. | W.<br>D. | OCCURRENCES.  |
|----------|----------|---|
| 1        | F        | Pheasant and Partridge Shooting ends.                           |
| 2        | S        | Billiard Matches at the Albert and Victoria Clubs.              |
| 3        | S        | FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.                                   |
| 4        | M        | Sale of Blood Stock at Tattersall's.                            |
| 5        | Tu       | Cardington, Catterick, and Everleigh Coursing Meeting.          |
| 6        | W        | Rufford, Cardington, Catterick, and Everleigh Coursing Meeting. |
| 7        | Th       | Carmarthen Steeple Chases.                                      |
| 8        | F        | Oundle Steeple Chases.  |
| 9        | S        | Billiard Matches at the Albert and Victoria Clubs.              |
| 10       | S        | FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.                                    |
| 11       | M        | Sale of Blood Stock at Tattersall's.                            |
| 12       | Tu       | Birmingham Steeple Chases.                                      |
| 13       | W        | Birmingham Steeple Chases.                                      |
| 14       | Th       | Cardiff Coursing Meeting.                                       |
| 15       | F        | Windsor Military and Open Steeple Chases.                       |
| 16       | S        | Windsor Military and Open Steeple Chases.                       |
| 17       | S        | SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY.  |
| 18       | M        | Sale of Blood Stock at Tattersall's.                            |
| 19       | Tu       | Lincoln Races.  |
| 20       | W        | Lincoln Races. Waterloo Coursing Meeting. [Steeple Chases.      |
| 21       | Th       | Waterloo Coursing Meeting. Moreton-on-the-Marsh and Harrow      |
| 22       | F        | Harrow and Boston Steeple Chases.                               |
| 23       | S        | Billiard Matches at the Victoria and Albert Clubs.              |
| 24       | S        | SEXAGESIMA SUNDAY.  |
| 25       | M        | Settling Day for Lincoln at Tattersall's.                       |
| 26       | Tu       | Nottingham Spring Meeting. Tamworth Coursing Meeting.           |
| 27       | W        | Nottingham Spring Meeting. Tamworth Coursing Meeting.           |
| 28       | Th       | Derby Steeple Chases.   |





Engraving

Portrait of a man

Racchisfeld

Portrait of a man

# BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

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### THE EARL OF MACCLESFIELD.

THERE is scarcely a foxhunter in the United Kingdom but will view with pleasure the portrait of the above nobleman, who as a sportsman may be said to stand quite at the head of the *Nulli Secundus* Brigade, although he does not come before the public so much as others with less pretensions.

The Earl of Macclesfield, who is descended from Sir Thomas Parker—a famous lawyer in the reign of Queen Anne, who, on becoming Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, was raised to the peerage as Lord Parker, Baron of Macclesfield, and on being subsequently made Lord Chancellor, he was elevated to an earldom. He was born on the 17th of March, 1811, and succeeded his father the 31st of March, 1850. Like all men who have earned honours in the hunting field, he began early, and under the very best of auspices; for he was entered to Will Long, when the late Duke of Beaufort hunted the Oxfordshire country. Lord Macclesfield's first appearance as a Master of Hounds was in 1839, when he took the Heythrop; but he only had them for a few months, for Lady Parker dying in the year of her marriage, he gave them up, and was succeeded by Lord Clonbrock. In 1845, Lord Macclesfield came out again with the pack, which he still hunts, and which was made up of drafts from the Oakley, who were at that time reducing the number of their hunting days; and the Heythrop, having reigned three years, he was obliged to give up from the want of support he received in the preservation of foxes, and was succeeded by Mr. John Shaw Phillips, who went on with them from 1848 until 1857, when Lord Macclesfield repurchased them, and has gone on with them ever since. In summing up Lord Macclesfield as a sportsman, we will do so in a very few sentences, as we are satisfied it will be more congenial to his feelings than any elaborate review of them. We will, therefore, for the satisfaction



of our readers, assure them Lord Macclesfield is a thorough Englishman. Quite out of the common across country, he walks near fifteen stone, and rides like ten, hunts his hounds himself, and is considered one of the best judges of a foxhound and of fox-hunting now going. On the coach-box he sits firm, and is strong and bold; can use his whip to some purpose, and can make a team, that has only been accustomed to the weak efforts of a modern muff, wonder what is the matter, and go into their bits like tigers. He can walk and shoot, stalk a stag, value an estate, and draw a plan for farm buildings. In fact, there is nothing an English landowner ought to do, but what he can do. And his ideas of the future state of a man who destroys foxes for the sake of preserving pheasants, although slightly different from those of Doctor Cumming, are, nevertheless, as orthodox as ever Master of Foxhounds could desire. The Earl of Macclesfield, we should add, has been twice married, first to Miss Henrietta Turnor, daughter of the late Mr. Edmond Turnor, of Stoke Rochford, Lincoln; and three years after her decease, to Lady Mary Frances Grosvenor, second daughter of the Marquis of Westminster, by whom he has a large family.

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## THE LATE CHARLES DAVIS.

BY THE GENTLEMAN IN BLACK.

If the name and career of the late Charles Davis, the huntsman to Her Majesty's Buckhounds during a period of forty-four years, were as ephemeral as those of most persons in his rank of life, it would be quite needless to add one word to the many accurate and interesting records which appeared at the moment of his death. Not only did the journals strictly devoted to sporting literature contain worthy accounts of his birth, education, and progress in his occupation, but scarcely a newspaper of the day seemed to consider superfluous a notice of so honourable and trustworthy a public servant.

Charles Davis was one of those men peculiarly adapted to make a favourable impression upon the times in which he lived. It is not simply the fact that he served no less than four royal patrons, that he saw numberless changes in the department to which he was attached in the masters who were set over him, that he continued so long unchecked by any untoward circumstances to exercise a responsible and difficult calling, which makes it desirable that he should take his place in the pages of this magazine in a more ostensible manner than he yet has done; but it is the fact that his example and character have indirectly exercised an influence on the subordinates of sport throughout England during a period when a passion for the field has increased among all classes of men. He united in himself two qualities which lead to success in almost every walk of life—sound judgment and great determination. To those who knew him in his home and in the ordinary occupations of social life this was

apparent ; and it was not the less so to those persons who had no other opportunity of judging than by seeing him in his official capacity. He rode over a country very much as he managed his daily affairs ; and it is no small credit to any man to say that the great charm of his character lay in its 'consistency.' Davis, like other men, was not free from faults ; but, such as they were, they arose from the peculiarities of his disposition. There are men in every rank of life so formed by nature or disposition that they must inevitably rise to the surface. Davis was one of these. It mattered not that he began life as a pistol boy, or a very under-whip indeed, he died almost in the saddle as ex-Huntsman of the Royal Buckhounds, after a life of service and energy, which places him as senior opt. among woodcraftsmen, and *facile princeps* among the official servants of his rank and calling. The responsibilities of the office which Charles Davis was called upon to fill from the year 1821 to 1866 were much greater than those which devolve upon other persons in a like situation. If an unruly field be any clog to the honest efforts of a huntsman, no man was more severely tried ; and as it frequently happened that no master but himself was in the field, it required an amount of self-control which is not always consistent with vigorous action or language. Other men have the influence of their master, or the good feeling of the squirearchy to fall back upon, and have every excuse made for them should an unfortunate outbreak of temper exceed just bounds. Conventionality does not hedge in the hard-riding huntsman of a pack of provincial foxhounds. But the Queen's servant, in himself a master, too frequently dealing with unruly spirits, whose love of sport consisted in overriding hounds on a cold scent, and riding to the stag on a good one, had to consider his position as well as the sport of his legitimate followers. He was not naturally a good-tempered man, and his delicacy of constitution, or rather digestion, made him irritable ; but he performed this difficult part of his mission with marvellous tact. Years ago, I remember his fields consisting of the *élite* of society, when Sir Francis Grant's picture was a true representation of Her Majesty's buckhounds, and when the hard-riding cornets and captains of the household regiments, cavalry and infantry, from Windsor, were his most unruly customers. Since that time stag-hunting in Berkshire has degenerated ; and what with the railroads and embryo-sportsmen, with whom he had to deal on metropolitan days, his love of a hound must have been sorely tried. In him, upon those occasions, we saw in *the best of servants, a man born to command*. No man could take a liberty with him. It mattered not of what rank, or under what circumstances, there was a something about Davis which savoured of true dignity ; and whether he was exhibiting the hounds, of which he was so justly proud, to a duke, or curbing the insolence of an ill-bred upstart in the field, you could not but feel that Charles Davis was equally master of the situation.

I have endeavoured to ascertain whether any well-authenticated anecdotes of a public nature have been preserved by Charles Davis

in diaries or on paper. I regret to say that it does not appear that such was the case. It really is tantalizing to think of the many little bits of characteristic gossip of which he must have been the depository, and which might have been made public without any infringement of etiquette or good taste. Harmless anecdotes on the subject of sport from lips long cold, authorities in their day, and worthy of repetition from the public reputation of the men. One born a year before the French Revolution, serving under George III., George IV., William IV., and our good and gracious Queen, must have met with men, and conversed upon very intimate terms with them too, whose names are household words, and from whom the present generation must have something to learn. Excepting in his general conversation with his friends, I can hear of nothing of the sort; and it is to be regretted, if such papers exist, and can be given to the world without offence or breach of privacy, that they should not be placed in the hands of some competent editor for publication. I had myself the pleasure of many years' acquaintance with Mr. Davis, riding to his hounds during certain seasons, till circumstances prevented me from doing so, and visiting him at his cottage not unfrequently up to the time of his death. I was more or less a very near neighbour of his for some length of time, as a part of my family and some of my relations live at Ascot; but I found him usually reticent of his connection with great people, and I was unwilling to appear more curious on the subject than he wished me to be. He was the last man to gratify *idle* curiosity, which, however, mine could scarcely have been considered; but I know not how far he might have felt justified in preparing any sort of sketch of a career so interesting as his own must naturally have been. If it be on the mere subject of the sport with which he was connected, I am sure my regret at the loss of his experience will be shared by many.

Having given in these lines a rapid sketch of what may be considered the characteristics of the great huntsman, I may add, for the information of those who come after me, and who may years hence feel disposed to refer to 'Baily's Magazine' for information, the account of Charles Davis's official career; after which, I may be enabled to while away a leisure ten minutes for my readers by such anecdotes or remarks as seem best suited to a sketch, which I offer in the absence of any more marked or finished portrait.

Charles Davis was born on January 15, 1788. At twelve years old he was whipping-in to his father, who hunted the King's harriers; and in twelve years more he was whip to the staghounds under his future father-in-law, Mr. Sharpe. This early apprenticeship to business gave but little time for the exercise of book-learning. All his life he had a liking for reading, and was well up in the ordinary information of the times; but it chiefly lay among newspapers and some few favourite authors, of whom Charles Kingsley and Whyte Melville were honourably distinguished. He did me the favour also of reading and commenting upon my inconsiderable productions, and canvassed with me the opinions of the 'Gentleman in Black.' Of all my contemporaries,

I never heard him express higher praise than of the gentleman signing himself 'The Druid,' the painstaking author of 'Field and Fern,' 'Scott and Sebright,' and other works valuable for their sporting and agricultural information.

It was somewhat remarkable, though, now I think of it, it is common to many other huntsmen, amateur and professional, that he was much more interested in the subject of hounds than of horses. He seldom cared to talk about great performances over a country, and scarcely gave due credit to the performers. Of steeplechasers, as such, I heard him speak but rarely, and then not with great praise. Of the capability of ladies in the field he was not wont to be very tolerant, with two exceptions, which, I think, have had honourable mention elsewhere as horsewomen. He liked the cheerful spirits and dashing riding of Miss Gilbert, and noticed her untiring energy; and of Mrs. Horace Pitt's early performances he spoke always with unqualified delight. He never forgot the great men who had hunted with him during the forty-five years he was in office, but he said little in praise of the one above the other. He had his partialities, like other men, but he kept them much to himself, a mark of his genuine good sense and judgment. It made no difference to Davis who was in or who was out. His politics were known to his friends to be those of the Whig school; and in his position active interference was unnecessary and injudicious. Whatever he did of that kind was dictated by his usual tact.

When Charles Davis first followed his first master to the field, stag-hunting was not what it afterwards became. George III. was not a great horseman, and enjoyed the sport when a run was considerably longer and slower than it is now. At the beginning of this century, too, the roads were not what they now are, nor the efficiency of the 'rural blue' so much to be depended upon. Claude Duval and Dick Turpin had left some successors, who were not yet off the road; and though they might have fallen short of making his Majesty descend and dance a hornpipe for their pleasure, they would have had but small respect for the royal purse and watch had they fallen in their way. This is why Davis has been represented as a pistol-boy to the King. I never heard that the courage of either was put to the test; though, from my knowledge of the character of the man, I should certainly have given him credit for as much zeal in the service as another. The desertion of his royal master would have been to him an impossibility, though it would have taken a pretty good highwayman to have caught him, had he found discretion to be the better part of valour, in his boyish days. However, he never was tried. It was necessary to stop the hounds occasionally, as it has been for others, and the King was usually attended by a pioneer, who jumped the fences before his Majesty. Upon one occasion the leader had already performed his part, and the King was less eager to follow, the obstacle in question being somewhat greater than usual. 'John has gone over, your Majesty,' said a certain nobleman, anxious to recall the King from what he imagined to be a

casual forgetfulness or absence of mind. 'Has he?' replied his Majesty, not much pleased with the interference, 'then you may go after him.' This, too, reminds me of a member of our royal family still living, to whom no great respect was shown many years ago by the rough riders of one of our crack countries. As long as it was all plain sailing, the —— was made to feel that there was a licence and equality in the hunting-field, with which he would have been the last man to quarrel. But on arriving at a very uncompromising sort of bullfinch, this indifference to courtly etiquette suddenly vanished, and a gentleman, who had been thrusting along regardless of anybody's convenience but his own, suddenly called a halt, and taking off his hat with a deference which might have done him service at St. James's, he said, 'After your Royal Highness; if you please.' It happened years ago, and I have not heard that hunting-fields are now better or worse in manners than they were then. The King, however, has a right to precedence, unless, as in the other case, he elects to depute it to another.

The ordinary life which Charles Davis habitually led was marked by great simplicity and abstemiousness. Perhaps it is no great compliment to say that his constitution, or rather digestion, demanded it. His inclination and pursuits tended that way. He was exceedingly regular in his mode of living. Taking great exercise, even when at home, constantly in the open air, about the kennels and the heath; and in summer exercising his hounds himself. He ate sparingly, but frequently, and was enabled to endure great fatigue. He had great patience in returning home long distances with his hounds after hunting, at that six mile an hour pace so good for quadrupeds and so trying to bipeds out of condition. He was particularly eloquent on the resolution of Miss Gilbert, who accompanied him on some of these expeditions, when their roads lay the same way, and equally so on some *raw* recruits of the hunting-field, who started with him, but were very soon reduced to a walk, or a considerable acceleration of pace. My own experience has taught me that the small of the back is apt to be affected by it, and that the difficulty of keeping one's friends to that strict limit of pace is very great on such occasions.

He was a most regular attendant on all duties, and not the least so on those of religion. If any man entertain the erroneous notion that the sports of the field are incompatible with the requirements and rest of the Sabbath day, we recommend the example of the late Huntsman of the Buckhounds to his consideration. He was regular in his attendance at Sunninghill Church, and a devout and attentive worshipper. Though the kennels are at least a mile and a half from the church, if not more, whenever the weather permitted he was to be seen wending his way on foot. He had a great objection to the use of a horse on such occasions, and I think I never heard of his allowing himself the indulgence. It is only within the last two years that he has been able to attend the new church which is built at Ascot Heath, near the new hotel, whence I accompanied him part of the way home last winter. He told me then that his health was

remarkably good, with the exception of a little difficulty of breathing occasionally in a sharp gallop. He looked as upright and untiring as usual.

A little anecdote in connection with his attendance at Sunninghill Church has found its way into the papers, not quite in accordance with fact. There can scarcely be a better authority on the subject than myself, and I will venture to give it as it really happened. Mr. C——, who had been hunting as usual with the stag-hounds during the winter, was out in a remarkably good run, many years ago, in which he found himself almost alone with the hounds and Davis in Windsor Great Park, as Davis was wont to say ‘much to the credit of us both.’ This happened in the early part of the week; and by the following Sunday Mr. C—— was ordained to a curacy in Leicestershire by the late Bishop of Peterborough. Not wishing to preach his first sermon in his future parish, Mr. C—— applied to Mr. Wale, the rector of Sunninghill, for permission to take his duty, which that gentleman kindly gave. In the ordinary course of things Davis was in his usual seat in the corner of the south aisle of the church. His astonishment at seeing Mr. C—— ascend the pulpit stairs, and commence his sermon, was very great. As he justly observed, the sudden change from a red coat to a black gown in so short a time was startling, and it was something to have seen the last of the former and the first of the latter. He likewise added to a neighbour a sort of equivocal compliment on the performance. ‘Mr. C——,’ said he, ‘went quite fast enough for anything on Tuesday from Bagshot to Windsor Great Park, but the twenty minutes he has given us this morning leaves that performance far behind.’ I presume the nervousness consequent on the novelty of the situation was the cause of this hurry: but it was certainly not the parson who was surprised at seeing Davis, as has been stated: the astonishment was the other way.

As a horseman I had almost said he was without a rival. Thoroughly to appreciate his style, it was necessary to have ridden with him, side by side, and frequently, in various countries, thirty years ago. I have had that pleasure. It made no difference in what country he appeared, he was seen equally to excel. Over the pastures of the Harrow Country, among the double-fences of the Aylesbury Vale, or in the banked country about Wingfield in Berkshire, he was equally perfect. He could go any pace, and he combined elegance and security of seat in a degree that I have never seen surpassed. It is a curious and melancholy coincidence that his nearest competitor in horsemanship lay dead in the same week. Many years separated him from James Mason, and we have evidence that the latter went well to the very last: that he died in the zenith of his fame. This was not the case with Davis, as his most zealous admirers are compelled to admit that some vigour had left him when seventy summers had passed over him, which was undiminished at fifty or sixty. No man retained his powers longer, and he deserves to be classed with the late Sir Charles Knightley,

Captain White, Assheton Smith, and similar examples for the retention of his equestrian powers.

So fine a horseman as Charles Davis is usually proud of an exploit or two in the field. He was so much more impressed with the value of a hound, and its greater utility in his occupation, that it was but seldom that he indulged himself or his hearers with any account of his own prowess. In this respect he presents a remarkable contrast to many good and daring riders, who are apt to forget the business in hand in the remembrance of their own personal achievements. As far as I can recollect he spoke most of Hermit, the grey horse on which he is painted in Sir Francis Grant's celebrated picture of the Ascot meet. He mentioned the circumstance of his having been once beaten on him, by a trainer of the name of Dessy on a small roan mare, as something very remarkable : and it was in consequence of his account of this performance and the persuasion of Mr. Death, the trainer at Ascot, that I became her owner. In my hands she was simply a cover hack, as being unable to carry more than a certain weight over a country ; but I am bound to add that she was far the best horse I ever had, and that Davis's opinion of her merits was correct to the very letter. He had other favourites, of course, but was not loud in their praise : not like many of our friends, who usually have a list as long as Oxford Street, every one of which was the best in the world. The Traverser is familiar to most men, as it was one on which he sat for one of his numerous portraits, and was a present from Lord Granville ; and Eurys was an especial favourite. Comus, the horse which the Prince of Wales had ridden at Oxford, was presented to Davis, when he had done the best of his work ; but he was a pleasant, good hack, and answered the old man's purpose admirably. There is a long string of names which may interest some of my readers, but which need scarcely have a place in our present number.

On one peculiarity I must venture to remark in considering Davis as a horseman. He was essentially a snaffle bridle man. I so utterly differ from him in his estimate of this supposed advantage, that I am almost an unfair judge of its merits. Such magnificent hands might have been trusted with the severest of bits, yet he preferred one which seems to me to be entirely thrown away upon him. In a large field of horses, a short time ago, I asked a gentleman why he was riding in a snaffle, and he gave me the most rational answer I have ever received on the subject. 'My hands,' said he, 'are so exceedingly bad, that I am afraid to ride in anything else.' I don't think that Davis's modesty would have accounted for his predilection in the same way.

No person, capable of exercising an opinion, can detach Charles Davis's capability from his appearance in the saddle. There are horsemen of all kinds, from the untutored butcher's boy to the most accomplished jockey, who get over a country in some way or other ; and many men form their general notion of efficiency upon the success of their favourite performer. One man likes strength, another likes

neatness ; one likes a good hold of his head, another a loose rein ; one thinks you can never get to the end of a run but by always riding ; another that you cannot be too quiet or let a horse have too much his own way : and they are all ready with half a dozen instances after their own notion. Davis put to flight all such ideas, and presented to you the neatest and firmest seat with the most perfect practical result. He was the best model of a handsome and effective horseman. His dress in the field was in keeping with the rest of his appointments. He was certainly blessed by nature in a wonderful degree. His legs were born for breeches and boots, and no man understood better how to put them on. I hope I am not hypercritical on this matter ; but there seems to be a fitness of things in this adaptation of nature and art as rare as it is becoming. The slovenly toilette which disgraces many of our actors in the hunting-field, professional and amateur, made the exception in Her Majesty's servant the more striking. Davis never looked more to advantage than in the royal procession at Ascot, and he was especially proud of the privilege. Indeed he had many strong feelings in connection with the glories of Ascot, of which course he was for a short time the manager ; and he delighted in everything that tended to link him with royalty. He was very proud of the few hints he had been able to give the Prince of Wales in horsemanship, and he was in perfect ecstasies at his Royal Highness's performance with the Pytchley when at Althorp a few years ago. He was as enthusiastic in the Prince's praises as Charles Payne himself, though he managed to express it in different language.

As a huntsman we have no means of measuring him in the field by the canons of fox-hunting : his duties were totally different. His knowledge of his art was great, which, however, rather included an acquaintance with the run of his stags, the nature of his country, and the management of his field, than the pursuit of a wild and capricious animal. The field gave him occasionally much uneasiness ; and it says much for him that in so long and difficult a career he had made scarcely an enemy. He was not by any means a good-tempered person, and disliked the unruly crowd of Londoners by whom at certain meets he was always beset ; but he knew his business and his position, and when he could not control, he could generally get away from them. Impertinence to Davis was simply impossible ; and in the absence of the master, obedience was compelled to be rendered to the servant, if necessary.

He liked fox-hunting quite as much as stag-hunting, and thought he gave very high praise to two seasons (I think about '40 and '41) by comparing them in character with that popular sport. For racing and steeplechasing his taste was limited. He cared for neither. He spoke of the old days at Ascot, when royalty was regular in its attendance, and when the aristocracy and beauty of England walked up and down the course, between the races. I have seen him in the Grand Stand *in mufti*, looking like a peer of the realm ; but he interested himself very little in the races, excepting when one of his



masters, or some one for whom he felt a personal regard, had a horse to run. He spoke rather of the glories of the past, of Lords Jersey and Verulam, the old Duke of York, of Zinganee, and the Colonel, and Mr. Petre's Cadland, than of the present. Racing had in his mind become vulgarized and common; and though he could still connect some names of note with success, he liked neither the associations nor the suggestions to which it leads. As a kennel-huntsman his experience and success were great. For years the Ascot kennels had been subject to lameness; and in the days of Sharpe, Charles Davis's predecessor, the hounds were taken to Brighton to be swam in the sea. The cure effected was very temporary; and it was not till Davis suggested a false flooring to the kennels, which admitted of a thorough draught of air below, that some partial remedy was found. Since then, Her Majesty's stag-hounds, have been better, but never entirely free from the disease. I called one morning on Davis, and found him in great distress at an epidemic with which he was unable to cope. He was then in consultation with two professional gentlemen, who seemed as much puzzled as himself. It ended, I regret to say, in the loss of six couple and a half of very valuable hounds.

Nothing gave Davis so much pleasure as the visits of country gentlemen and Masters of Hounds during the spring and summer months. He was, as I have said before, a real lover of a hound, and exhibited his beauties with great enjoyment to such persons. Lord Hopetoun, then Master of the Pytchley, took one afternoon from an Ascot race-meeting to see the Royal hounds; and the old huntsman most thoroughly appreciated the compliment. It could scarcely be called such if his lordship's love for a foxhound is to be balanced by his indifference to racing. The kennels to which he seemed most attached were those of the Duke of Richmond, the Quorn, the Pytchley, and the Heythrop. I think, too, he spoke of the Badminton with great enthusiasm; and no wonder. But I have no list of his hounds to refer to. It was not until ten years ago that he appeared to slacken in vigour or nerve. His feelings naturally urged him, as they do all such men, to continue at his post as long as possible; and with the valuable assistance he was receiving from Harry King, it was most desirable that he should have done so. Galloping and riding over fences are not the only duties of such an office; and his successor, notwithstanding his great talents and capacity for the post, must at first meet with difficulties from his field which will decrease only with experience. Davis enjoyed a prestige, which enabled him to keep unruly spirits in order; and if there never was a heaven-born huntsman there was at least one heaven-born official in the world.

Time and space bid us approach the end. An amicable pecuniary arrangement had long relieved him of the more arduous exertions of his post. He went out, and remained in the field, only for his own pleasure, performing his duties by proxy. They were well done. He once tendered his resignation, I believe, in consequence of some

uncalled-for remarks upon his failing health and nerve; but he felt most proudly the kindness of the Queen, who begged him to reconsider his resolution. He had a severe fall, which hurt his leg, and confined him for three weeks to his house, and at the end of last season he was permitted to retire full of honours and of years. This retirement he did not long survive. He almost died in harness; for he was taken ill of bronchitis the latter end of September of the same year, and died on Friday, October 26th, at half-past one. His last moments were free from pain; for he lost all consciousness two days before his death, and it is possible, from blindness and other symptoms, that he really died from softening of the brain.

The personal appearance of Davis was familiar to most of our readers. He was very tall and thin, probably 6 ft. 1 in. in height, and only weighing 9 st. and a pound or two. He was a good-looking man, with a large, handsome nose, and good dark eyes and eyebrows; and the expression of his face was severe and serious, latterly with many lines about the mouth, unless when excited by conversation on his favourite topics. When not officially dressed he had a very gentlemanly, almost aristocratic appearance, somewhat after the fashion of the grandfather of the present Lord Jersey, and always appeared to advantage amongst the frequenters of the stand at Ascot. He felt his age much, before the final break up; and we have seen a letter of his to Mr. John Russell, the well-known Devonshire Master of Hounds, in which he says, 'Please to accept my last list of Her Majesty's hounds,' and declining 'a fortnight's wild stag-hunting,' with that thorough gentleman and sportsman, on the plea that the 'weather would be too hot for him in the field.'

One or two remarks remain to be made on his funeral.

Davis expressed a wish that Comus, the present from the Prince of Wales, should be destroyed at his own death. He had some natural feeling of pride on the subject. He also desired that his ear should be placed in the vault with him. It appeared only right that the Prince himself should be informed of this desire, which he was by Mr. Blunt, Mr. Davis's executor; and the consequence was a telegraphic message from his Royal Highness that the last wishes of Davis only should be consulted. The ear was placed on a small square box or slab, surrounded with cypress; and after the whole service was over, and Mr. Wale, the officiating clergyman, had left the grave, this was simply placed upon the coffin before the latter was slid into the vault. The feelings of the editor of a presumed sporting paper were much hurt by this pagan rite, and he electrified his readers by his serious remarks upon the antiquity of such customs. He was also anxious to know if all the huntsmen in England were in the habit of receiving such Homeric sacrificial rites at the tomb. If the gentleman sees this, we trust he will be satisfied with this explanation of a somewhat singular but only harmless expression of sentiment on the part of as fine a sportsman as ever was buried. The funeral was attended by a great number of his admirers from

Buckinghamshire, Berkshire, and Middlesex. Lord Colville was there, as were General Hood, General Seymour, and Captain Henry Seymour; and the marks of respect shown to so valuable and faithful a servant of the Royal Family were no more than he deserved.

He had many photographs and likenesses of himself taken; and Mr. Edmund Tattersall has, or had, a remarkable sketch of him on horseback by a Mr. Webb, an artist who at one time lived in the Old Yard. His cottage was full of curiosities, presents, sketches of hounds by his brother, and various little interesting nic-nacs, which should be very valuable to his family, and would be so to the public. The testimonial, presented to him some few years back, he left to the Queen. He was in his seventy-ninth year when he died, and few men had lived so long and made such good use of their time 'Requiescat in pace.'

### MR. T. HUGHES'S 'FLASH-IN-THE-PAN.'

'Sneak across the wide Atlantic, worthless London's puling child,  
Better that its waves should bear thee than the land thou hast reviled.'

BON GAULTIER.

THE honourable member for Lambeth has thought fit to publish in an American paper his own views, or, perhaps, rather the views of the party he represents, on the state of 'the Turf' in England. Why he should have gone out of his way to attack an institution which contributes so much, in an abstract point of view, to the development of that 'muscular Christianity' of which 'Tom Brown' has the credit of being so zealous an advocate, it is difficult to perceive: still more are we at a loss to conjecture the reasons of his preferring the sensational journalism of New York for an exposition of his views, when the arms of the 'Record,' or possibly the 'Pall Mall Gazette,' would have been open to the diatribes of his virtuous indignation.

A gentleman not only by birth but by education, of manly bearing, and of courteous manner, we have always looked upon 'Tom Brown' as the connecting link between the red republicanism of the Manchester school and the respectable radicalism which permeates the somewhat inferior minds of his brother metropolitan members. Endowed with more than average oratorical powers, his public career, so far, has been moderately successful; while the popularity gained by his novel, so well known to the young as 'Tom Brown's School-days,' entitles him to some small esteem as a writer, and one possessing not only a deeper knowledge of the world than falls to the lot of most of us, but a naturally buoyant and generous temperament, which is appreciated as much on account of its geniality as its rarity among men.

That this philippic should have appeared in an American journal, proceeding from the pen of such an individual, is an ominously-significant fact, as showing what a deep hold upon the minds of its

followers the Manchester school has acquired, which has striven, by the abject laudation of American institutions, to republicanize England; and it shows, too, how the once ingenuous mind of 'Tom 'Brown' has suffered in contamination with such principles; or how otherwise could he have reconciled it to his conscience to declaim against such an openly discussed subject as the state of the English Turf in the pages of the 'New York Tribune,' when his end might have been accomplished more openly, if not more effectually, through the medium of the English press?

And while we fully admit the necessity of a sweeping reform in many departments of Turf administration, and rejoice that a new and more muscular Hercules has arisen, eager for the task, even though his efforts are seemingly unappreciated in his own country, yet we cannot but warn him of his rashness in attempting the citadel before the outworks have been carried, and endeavouring, by a meteoric shower of invective, to silence the enemy, then rushing onwards, without a knowledge of his ground, only to receive the bootless, profitless credit of daring in a hopeless cause. Corrupt as undoubtedly is the present state of Turf morals, and great as are the evils which follow in the train of a matchless sport, it is impossible, by striking at the root of the evil, to remedy the disease, because such a course would entail the cessation of horse-racing altogether; and that the sport itself is one of the most healthful, exciting, and manly no one will be found to deny, if we except that amiable and erudite body, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

The actual struggle for victory between the most noble, as well as the most beautiful animals of brute creation, is sufficient to arouse a feeling of excitement in the most torpid and prosaic of mankind; and when the accessories of a crowd of delighted and eager spectators, the brilliant garb of the riders, and the tone of novelty which pervades a vast open-air gala, like those provided at Goodwood or Ascot, are superadded, there can exist no doubt that the keen enjoyment of a truly national pastime which animates the masses (independently of the extraneous interest produced by any propensity to gambling) will never be suffered to fall into disuse, notwithstanding the efforts of ranters, charlatans, and converts to the gospel according to Shaftesbury and Bright.

That a sport originally indulged in for comparatively unimportant stakes, and unattended with gaming as it is now practised, should have degenerated into a vast gambling speculation, can scarcely be considered a subject for wonderment, when we remember that the same irrepressible spirit of speculation which always has and always will influence 'poor human nature,' must, of necessity, find an outlet somewhere or other; and as our choice must lie between the two evils of hole-and-corner gambling and undisguisedly open betting upon horse-racing, in the name of all that is consonant with good policy and reason, let us make choice of the latter. As states have degenerated by refinement, so have our English sports (eminently healthy and honourable in themselves) become deteriorated by the

'falsehood of extremes : ' hunting has met racing half way, and steeplechasing is the result ; shooting has been drawn into the vortex of gambling by the substitution of the pigeon-trap for the stubble-range and cover side ; even fishing has insulted the memory of old Izaak, by according to its more ardent votaries a limited space on canal or river bank, and rewarding with ' the stakes ' the most successful angler at the end of the day. Cricket has become, in many instances, a mere gate-money speculation, and its pampered professors (with some honourable exceptions) the dictators of the game, displaying an arrogant and insolent bearing only equalled by their ignorance and capacity. Indeed, the University boat-race is the only remaining type of the excellence of British sport, for honour, and honour alone, is the victors' reward : and with a full conviction of this, I will ask ' Tom Brown ' whether there is any event of the year upon the result of which such sums of money depend, taking into consideration that the contest is limited to the two universities, and that the members of each are the principal speculators ? ' Tom ' Brown,' with the headlong precipitancy of the ' extreme ' party, has attacked the constitution of the Turf by his sweeping denunciations : had he been content to feel his way towards a gradual reform by calling attention to the petty metropolitan speculations of licensed victuallers, and the unblushing effrontery of those pests of society whose sole object is plunder, and whose ' management ' of horses and thieving attributes have brought the Turf into such disrepute as to awaken even the slumbering ' Tear'em ' of the ' New York Tribune,' then the ground might have been clear for further 'experiments for the purification of Turf morals. The course, however, which he has chosen to pursue is quite in accordance with the policy of the ultra-radical faction to which he belongs, which clamours for universal suffrage, and indulges in inflated bombast on the rights of the people ; which lets the hell-hounds of democracy loose on society instead of endeavouring, by moderate measures and temperate counsels, to realise its Utopian visions ; and which would fain, if it dared,

' Break its way  
By force, and at its heel all hell should rise,  
With blackest insurrection, to confound  
Heaven's purest light.'

' Who shall touch pitch and not be defiled ? ' exclaims this self-constituted *censor castigatore* of the morals of England, whose fair fame seems so dear to the children of the New World. Again do we find ' Tom Brown ' arguing from a mistaken analogy between the Reform League and the ' sport of kings.' Because he has been contaminated by his association with Beales, Potter, and Co., is every man who owns a racehorse compelled to descend to the grade of blackleg or defaulter ? Are there no righteous men to avert the threatening lightnings which impend over their devoted sport from the claws of the American Eagle ? Surely there are many who pursue the national pastime in a sportsmanlike and honourable spirit ;

and not the least did one who has just passed away from among us set a bright example of honesty of purpose and unflinching integrity to the noblemen and gentlemen of England. The words of Horace (who was also addressing a Roman 'Brown') are singularly apposite, if we slightly pervert the sense of the words, without altering the text:—

' Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus  
Non egit  
\*        \*        \*  
\*    venenatis gravidâ sagittis,  
     Fusce pharetrâ.'

But not only has 'Tom Brown' exceeded the limits of courtesy and good feeling in his fierce invectives against the Turf morals of his mother country; not only has he made an unscrupulous foreign journal the mouthpiece of his strictures, and adorned his philippic with the conventional and indigenious devices of American exaggeration; not only has he entered the lists with an inconceivable ignorance of the subject on which he professed to treat; but he has not hesitated to wound individual feelings, and to raise up the curtain upon the drama of the supposed real life of one, whose high position as a nobleman was, as might be expected, a natural and desirable object of attack to that party which revolutionary principles have so solidly bound together in 'the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity.' What objection there can be to the fact of a well-known commissioner entertaining at dinner a party of noblemen interested in Turf matters, on the eve of a great race, does not clearly appear on the face of 'Tom Brown's' statement, and beyond an ill-natured insinuation he has made but small capital out of an every-day occurrence among persons mutually interested in any kind of pursuit, business, or pleasure. Had Mr. ex-Head-Centre Stephens entertained Messrs. 'Tom Brown,' Ernest Jones, a revolutionary Robinson, and other congenial spirits on a Chartist anniversary, the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act would hardly have been deemed necessary, nor would any comments upon such a proceeding in the public press have been accompanied or illustrated by any irreverently applied extract from the Book of Common Prayer. But we must leave Lord Shaftesbury and the 'Record' to square accounts with 'Tom Brown' on this point, which we hope, for the sake of muscular Christianity, was raised under the fortifying influence of a 'brandy cocktail.'

In conclusion, if it is a subject of regret, that a once chivalrous gentleman should have thus condescended to prostitute his pen to the expression of maudlin sentiment and ill-timed invective, still more is his choice of a foreign journal to be deprecated—a journal, too, of that city, where the spirit of gambling revels in open and unblushing state; whose river waters are alive with floating 'hells,' and whose enervated inhabitants, lacking the vigour of body, as well as the healthful supply of animal spirits requisite for the enjoyment of a noble outdoor sport, prefer to swill their noxious 'corpse revivers' and puff the eternal Havannah round the gaming-table of one of the most depraved even of American cities. No denunciation of his licentious

companions by a Clodius, could come with a worse grace or a worse chance of success, than this reproof offered by the chartered libertinism of New York to the admittedly questionable morals of the English Turf. Gaming in America is carried on for gaming's sake alone ; in England it is indulged in for racing's sake : the real gist of the evil lies not in the dogma laid down by a celebrated authority, ' that no man could afford to keep racehorses who did not bet,' but rather in the possibilities and opportunities of gaming among those who bet on the horses of others. We do not hesitate to say, that it is the converse of Lord George Bentinck's theory, as we have attempted to enunciate it, that has been, is, and will continue to be the exciting cause of rancour, dispute, and the ungenerous spirit of imputation, which now unfortunately exists between owners of horses and the public. This question, however, which is foreign to our present discussion, may be treated of separately at some future time ; it is a question of immense general interest, and it is to be regretted that the sporting press has hitherto not considered the minutæ of the case as worthy of serious investigation.

It is to be hoped that ' Tom Brown ' has not as yet reached that stage of ' Bright's disease ' of which a leading symptom is to exalt the working man at the expense of the ' bloated aristocrat ;' it is to be hoped he does not yet deceive himself that gambling is confined to the upper and middle classes of the people ; if so, let him announce his intention of addressing the enlightened constituency of Lambeth on the 22nd of May next, when he doubtless will be able to convince the very small body of his electors who will attend on that day that racing is unknown and gambling unpractised amid these classic shades ; or, better still, instead of muddy processions to Walham Green, and indiscriminate ' Pottering ' about the streets, let ' Tom ' Brown ' and the metropolitan members announce their intention of meeting their constituents at Epsom on the Derby day ; there, Xerxes-like, as he watches that sober, decorous multitude surging down the course before the thin blue line of their natural enemies, the A division, will he be able to say, ' Behold my supporters !' There, as he wonders at the toiling, moiling crowd in front of the lists, and sees the ' raw mechanic,' or ' intelligent artisan,' thrusting his hard-earned ' dollar ' into the hands of Valentine and Wright, he may exclaim, ' Behold a great and free people !'—and then may the flaming placards of the Reform League rise conspicuous among the cheap-jacks, performing ponies, and acrobats of the racecourse, to announce to an admiring world—

By kind permission of Mr. Dorling,  
the Metropolitan Members will address the Electors  
from the balcony of the Grand Stand,  
immediately after the last race.

Mr. THOMAS BROWN, M.P., in ' The Chair '

(By kind permission of Judge Clark).

Come early !

AMPHION.

## THOUGHTS ON STAG-HUNTING.

CATCHING your own again, as Sam Nicoll called stag-hunting, will never be a popular amusement with the majority of sportsmen. The very fact that you need not take every advantage of the animal you are pursuing, as you needs must do when you are after a wild animal, deprives the sport of half its zest.

But it is quite an error to suppose that there is no hunting in it; for hounds will stick to the line of a stag as closely as to that of a fox or a hare; and it depends entirely upon the system that is pursued, whether it is a sport fit for men, or whether it is as tame as coursing rabbits with cur dogs in an enclosed paddock. In addition to the bad name which stag-hunting has acquired, with good reason, from the practices which we are about to condemn, there is a vast amount of prejudice against it from the circumstance of its being the sport of Londoners, whose avocations preclude them from hunting frequently, and to whom a certain find and a probable gallop are the great attractions.

The principal packs of staghounds have always been to be reached from the metropolis, formerly by road and now by rail; and in seniority, as well as in loyalty, we must first rank that of Her Majesty.

Within the last few Masterships, the country, formerly hunted by these hounds, has been grievously curtailed. The Harrow Country, over which they used to have their best sport, has been, of necessity, given up, and the line of the famous Poll Hill run would be found to be intersected with hundreds of wire fences. The trip to Lyndhurst has been discontinued since the disforestation of the Crown lands and the destruction of the red deer in the New Forest. The want of condition in the deer in their wild state prevented any great runs over the forest, and the deer invariably died soon after being taken; but these were pleasant gatherings, making a fitting conclusion to the season, and the discontinuance of them was much regretted. Time and modern improvements have done their worst, as far as sport is concerned, for the Queen's Country.

The Surrey staghounds, a subscription pack, with Squire Heathcote at their head, hunt the country where the late Earl of Derby showed such sport for upwards of forty years. But here again the face of Nature has been sadly changed. Open fields, over which Jonathan on Prosper used to cheer his hounds, are now covered with villas, streets, and crescents, and retired spots have become railway junctions. Forest Hill was then rightly named, and Reigate station was a deep morass.

By the courtesy of the directors of the Brighton Railway, who carry the hounds and servants' horses on their line free of charge, this pack is now enabled to get more frequently 'below hill.' This is a country well calculated for making good men to hounds, and



Messrs. Shaw, Simpson, Metcalf, Gillespie, and others, are quite up to sample.

A tale is told, the authenticity of which, however, we cannot vouch for, that in a run with these hounds the huntsman and a gentleman got off their horses to take a gate off its hinges, and in the excitement and hurry of the moment each got upon his neighbour's horse, and rode through the run without discovering the mistake. When the deer was taken, the huntsman, feeling for his horn, and not finding it, looked down, and, to his intense astonishment, his dark-brown horse had become a mealy bay.

The Great Eastern Railway will take the sportsman to that first-rate plough country, the Roothings of Essex, where the staghounds are under the able management of the Hon. Frederick Petre. The absence of up-standing fences is favourable to the running of the deer, but there is a sameness in the country which detracts from it in the eyes of those who follow hounds.

Upon the borders of the Vale of Aylesbury is situated the pretty village of Mentmore, where the staghounds of Baron Lionel de Rothschild are kennelled. From his youth up Baron Lionel was a hound man, and he spared neither trouble nor expense to make his pack a perfect one.

In the year 1842 he purchased, at Tattersall's, one of the lots of Mr. Osbaldeston's famous pack, at the price of one hundred guineas a couple. By a judicious cross with this blood, he had the good fortune to breed one of the best hounds that ever went out of doors. This was Gunnersbury, by Mr. Osbaldeston's Falstaff, a son of Furrier, out of the Cheshire Guilesome. Gunnersbury was a light-coloured hound of enormous power and substance, and a driving, forcing hound on a scent. As he crashed through the doubles, he appeared as though he would tear them to pieces. Gunnersbury was used freely in the Mentmore kennel, and his daughter, Dairy-maid, through whom the blood has descended, took very much after him both in looks and style of hunting.

The Baron bred from all the most fashionable kennels of the day. Lord Fitzwilliam's Marmion, Feudal, and Bluecap, Mr. Drake's Duster, Lord Southampton's Herald, Lord Yarborough's Rallywood, the Duke of Rutland's Ragland, Gamester, and Ranter, and other hound sires of high repute helped to make the pack; but the Belvoir sort proved to be too mute for staghounds.

It was to the Fitzhardinge blood that the Baron's kennel was the most indebted. Among twenty couple from Berkeley Castle came Paradox, and, although after hunting stag for two seasons, she was begged back by Harry Ayriss, she left behind her at Mentmore two splendid daughters, Primrose and Princess, by Mr. Drake's Satellite, to perpetuate her blood.

In the present pack Pilgrim, by Lord Fitzhardinge's Palmerston, although a wayward hound, is a great favourite of the huntsman, Fred Cox; but the apple of his eye is Random, by Lord Fitzhardinge's Roderick, out of a Yarborough bitch. Random is a thorough

line hunter, with a deep melodious tongue, good in chase, and without an atom of jealousy. 'I wouldn't take a thousand guineas for 'him,' shouted Cox, in the act of charging a blackthorn fence, an assertion which he qualified the next morning with the following important addition, 'if I had the Baron's money.'

The first object of a master of staghounds should be to divest the sport, as much as possible, of all tameness, and to make it, as nearly as he can, like the real thing.

To effect this, the deer should be turned out in a quiet spot, unseen by any one except the deer-cart man, who can tell the huntsman where to lay the hounds on. Nothing can be more destructive to sport than the plan of turning the deer out before a mob of people, and yet a meet of staghounds is generally more like a fair than anything else. For the first few fields the deer is followed by the foot people, and possibly by one or two cur dogs, who thoroughly foil the ground. These are accompanied by men on hacks, boys on ponies, second horsemen, and others, who continue to ride the deer as long as they can keep him in view, and, irrespective of the harm they do in crossing the scent, they act as fuglemen for the field to ride after. What chance have hounds to get settled? They are brought out upon foiled ground, and the hard riders instantly start off, heedless of the hounds, as they do in some countries after the fox.

Could any system be devised more calculated to make hounds unsteady?

A second deer-cart, to mislead the mischief-doers, has sometimes been tried with success.

When once the hounds are laid on, they should never be stopped. The practice of stopping staghounds is the great blemish of the sport; it spoils the hounds, it spoils the run, it spoils everything, not excepting the temper of the field. Just as they are expecting that they are in for a good thing, and excitement is at its highest point, their hopes are dashed to the ground, and their spirits sent below zero.

The excuse that is made in defence of stopping hounds is, that it enables a stout slow deer to get ahead, and thereby give a better run; a longer and more draggling one, perhaps, whereas every endeavour should be to make it sharp and decisive.

Another reason sometimes put forward is, that the hounds are stopped for the sake of saving the deer, but it is a very futile one. A deer is not so easily killed if run into whilst he is strong, but when hounds have been stopped, and the deer has got gradually weaker and weaker, the least accident will finish him.

An exception, however, to the rule of never stopping the hounds may be made in the case of a view. A view does harm to the hounds, as it takes them off their noses, and causes them to look out for views. Besides, at best, it is little better than a bad course, and however well hounds may pack together upon a scent, they will string all over the country when running a deer in view.

But the tamest proceeding of all is when, the hounds having been

stopped, persons are sent forward to ride the deer and take him in front of the hounds. Reader, as soon as this takes place, turn your horse's head to the nearest road and make your way home, if you know it; and if not, inquire it. All pretence of sport is over.

The hounds should not be lifted, but encouraged to hunt out the line for themselves. At times they may be assisted, as when a deer has gone up and down a fence, being unable to find a way over; and there are some such bad scenting days that the huntsman must take his deer in the best way that he can. But the more the hounds are left to themselves, and the less the sound of the horn is heard, the better.

When the deer is run into, the huntsman should draw off his hounds, and attend only to them, whilst he leaves the securing of the deer to others. Harry King, when whipper-in to Mr. Charles Davis, was a first-rate hand at taking a deer, and would plunge into water up to his neck to effect it.

And now a few words to the field. Start with the hounds, and ride to them, and to them only. If you find it necessary to take a pull, as you very likely will, take it, but do not take an advantage to the detriment of the hounds. Deer usually take so direct a course that staghounds will bear more pressing than foxhounds; but do not, therefore, think it right to ride upon their line, but ride a little to the right or to the left. We take it for granted that you mean *going*. Have you a well-bred, fast horse, that can stay? Can he go well through dirt? Is he a bold, resolute fencer? active as a cat, and fit as a fiddle? Unless he possesses these qualifications, you had better not take him tagging.<sup>1</sup>

A feat of the late Colonel Standen of the Guards, now more than forty years ago, created a great sensation at the time. At the finish of a severe run with the Hon. Grantley Berkeley's staghounds, the Colonel and Mr. George Payne were riding to save the deer, when they came to the river Brent, over which was a wooden bridge for foot-passengers, with a stile at each end. The bridge was 33 feet long, and only 20 inches broad, and more than 20 feet down to the water. Colonel Standen jumped his horse on to it, crossed the bridge, jumped him off again, and saved the deer!

Some of poor Jem Mason's feats with the staghounds in the Vale of Aylesbury have already been chronicled in the pages of 'Baily.' He was one day sailing down to the Rowsham Brook upon a soft-hearted but big-jumping horse named Mulatto, when Mr. George Cooke, who knew every yard of the country, shouted out to him, 'You can't get over there, Jem!' but in vain. Jem was not to be denied, and putting more steam on, got well over. The place was afterwards measured with a tape, and from hind hoof to hind hoof proved to be 29 feet. This sensation jump sold Mulatto for 400 guineas.

Another great artist in the Vale was the late Tom Ball, but his style of riding was different. In the early part of a run Tom would suffer others to go before him, whilst he rode his own line and his

own pace. His intention was to get through the run and to save his deer, and he rarely failed to effect his object.

When William Barwick was huntsman, a good man in kennel, but a very poor performer in the saddle, and for whom Tom had a supreme contempt, the hounds met at Tring windmill, and ran straight up the Vale. Tom had cut down the whole field, and was alone, when his horse stopped, going up the hill to Oving, the hounds having got the deer in view. Tom jumped off and took his deer, on foot, in Sir Thomas Aubrey's stable-yard.

'But where's Barwick?' says Sir Thomas's groom.

'Oh! he is riding round some field or other, looking for a gap to 'get out,' answered Tom.

These are the thoughts that have suggested themselves to me during the frost. To such of my young friends as are not above taking advice, some of these hints may be useful: they are founded upon an experience of thirty years, during which time the writer has enjoyed many a good day's fun with the staghounds.

R. G.

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## THE THOROUGHBRED HORSE.

### NO. II.

Is our thoroughbred horse a descendant of the pure Arabian? is a question I put forth in a former paper, and I now wish to search and see what claim he may possess to be considered as such, and if, after investigation, we cannot prove him to be so, satisfactorily, to express the hope that the plan I have suggested may be entertained and carried out, so that we may obtain at last a true thoroughbred and raise him to the highest possible point of excellence.

What is understood by the term 'thoroughbred' among horses, is, any horse who may have a place in the Stud Book, and who can be traced through its pages to Arabians, Barbs, Turks, and Persians. This, I think, can hardly warrant the appellation of thoroughbred. Of all these, the Arabian is the only one that can be considered pure bred: he is one by himself; the others are only breeds that have been improved by him or have descended from him. I should call a pure Arabian thoroughbred, and any horse descended through sire and dam from the Arabian thoroughbred.

According to the Stud Book, there have been, apparently, very few Arabian mares, although several horses of that breed are mentioned; but of Turks there are several horses and mares called barbs and royal mares (these latter of uncertain origin), and I believe only one Persian stallion, the dam of the Duke of Rutland's Bonny Black having been got by a Persian stallion.

Now, I think the only thing that could out of this mixture bring our horse up to the required standard, would be by allowing the Byerly Turk and the Godolphin to have been Arabians. The

Darley Arabian was, without doubt, one of those horses whose pedigrees could be traced for some centuries—I have heard his was one of the most ancient. This would give us the blood from three sources in the male line only. Then would arise the question, Has the blood of these three horses been sufficient to eradicate all strains of less pure blood and the blood of the old stock they were grafted upon? Of course the blood of any other Arabian there might have been would help.

In a former paper I stated that if these three horses were pure Arabians, 'Our horse would indeed be thoroughbred;' that was on the supposition that the pure blood would be sufficient to wash away and eradicate the impure. But I feel some doubt on that point. Can any one tell us with *certainty* how many generations must elapse before the impure blood would cease? For instance, suppose a cart mare were put to an Arabian, the produce, if a mare, again put to an Arabian, and so on, repeating the operation, when might the descendants be considered pure Arabian?

Flying Childers, and his own brother, Bartlett Childers, sons of the Darley Arabian, from whom are descended our best horses, were entirely of *Eastern blood*. Betty Leedes, their dam, had no common blood in her veins: her ancestors in male and female lines were entirely of Arabian Barb or Turkish blood. No wonder Flying Childers was so good and such an extraordinary horse. His own immediate descendants, and those of his brother, Bartlett Childers, Squirt, and his son Marske, were not so good; they were not so pure bred.

I can, therefore, quite understand how, after Childers had appeared as a brilliant meteor, and only inferior horses coming after him, the sportsmen of the day were afraid the horse was going back. So, indeed, he was, and would have continued to have done so, unless a fresh infusion of pure blood were obtained. Hobgoblin, grandson of the Darley Arabian, they hoped would be equal to the occasion: he got Shakespeare from the Little Hartley mare, by Bartlett Childers; here was another strain of the same blood, but it was not all that was required. The dams of Aleppo and Hobgoblin were far from well bred; but Shakespeare was a better bred horse, inasmuch as he had two direct strains of the Darley Arabian: he is also a reputed sire of Eclipse, Spiletta, his dam, having been covered by Marske and Shakespeare. I have heard that the late Mr. Tattersall—a great authority on the subject of pedigrees—was fully persuaded that the chesnut horse Shakespeare was the sire of Eclipse (this is not according to the Stud Book). Whether he was got by Shakespeare or Marske, I cannot consider him nearly so well bred a horse as Flying Childers: he was not entirely of Eastern blood; if you examine his pedigree you will find several flaws. It is, I think, a poor compliment to a modern racer to call him 'as thoroughbred as Eclipse'—the modern racer *ought* to be better bred.

We must now look at the horse called the Byerly Turk: although the eldest of the three, I think this the most fitting place to speak of

him. We are *considering* him to have been an Arabian ; but I cannot believe him to have been a horse of the same high form as the Darley Arabian ; indeed, the Arabian horses purchased by the Turks were not generally of the highest class ; good-looking, showy horses would serve their purpose.

Mares of the Darley Arabian blood—that is, mares got by his descendants—were constantly put to horses of the Byerly Turk's line, and I think, thereby, have been the means of bringing his (the Turk's) lines so prominently forward. He has been of the greatest use by supplying, I think, the wanting ingredient, that of Darley Arabian blood on the female side. I have often been struck by the blood-like appearance and forms displayed by many of his descendants, and have come to the following conclusion :—

The Darley Arabian being a horse of superior form to the Byerly Turk, mares descended from the former horse would be better bred and of higher character than the descendants of the Turk, and the offspring would partake more of the form and appearance of their dams in consequence. This, I think, is the rule ; it is better, if there be any difference in the purity of the blood, that the sire should be of the purer. Abd-el-Kader says : ‘ A horse got by a pure sire out of a common mare is more valuable than one got by a common horse out of a pure bred mare ;’ but still, as I stated before, if the dam be the higher bred, the offspring will partake of her form and appearance. For this reason, I think *mares* of the Byerly Turk's line through Herod (and either through the Partizan or Woodpecker branches), the former represented principally by Alarm, Kingston, and Sweetmeat, the latter by Bay Middleton (son of Sultan) and Pantaloon or their descendants, much more *useful* in breeding than *horses* of that line would be.

The Herod line has much of Darley Arabian blood in it, some of it through Flying Childers, and on the female side, which was most essential to bring our horse towards a pure state.

I have read that old sportsmen were wont to compare Sultan to the Darley Arabian. The likeness must have been derived through the female side, not only of his own pedigree, but, I think, more especially through his great ancestor, Herod's, a proof that my supposition is correct, and also that the Darley Arabian, if not *purser bred*, was, at all events, a horse of much higher character and form than the Byerly Turk.

Herring, that prince of horse painters, in his portrait of Sultan depicts him with a fine Arabian head. I have only seen a small rough print of the Darley Arabian, but a likeness is certainly to be traced. Many of the Kingston mares display much of the Arabian form, particularly in their beautifully-formed back and loins, high quarters, and well set on tails. They ought to be useful, as through their sire's dam, Queen Anne, by Slane, they get another direct strain of Darley Arabian blood through Gohanna, Mercury, and Eclipse, and Slane's dam was by Orville, and so again to the Darley Arabian through Joe Andrews and Eclipse ; and with their blood-

like frames, if put to good, well-formed horses of the Waxy family, ought to produce good stock. I mention the Waxy family especially, instead of the other lines from Eclipse, as they do not seem to be so rich just now in *horses*, although we have just had a very neat specimen in Lecturer.

The Godolphin may or may not have been an Arabian. I am inclined to think he was; at least, that though an African horse, he was of pure Arabian descent; but feel very great doubt as to *all* the imported Barbs, horses and mares, being Arabians.

The horses usually called Barbs are doubtless of Arabian origin, but either much degenerated or probably mixed with other breeds, and I should be afraid that many of these found their way into England. It is among the Desert tribes alone, Youatt tells us, that the Barb (Arabian) of superior breed, form, and power is to be found. Deep in the Sahara Desert is a noble breed, called 'Wind-sucker, or Desert horse.' A writer of the name of Jackson says of him, 'that the Desert horse is to the common Barbary horse 'what the Desert camel is to the usual camel of burden;' and I can say there is certainly as much difference between the former camel and the latter as between a racer and a machiner.

The Godolphin having been sent, I believe, as a present to the King of France, in all probability was one of those fine Desert Arabians or 'Windsuckers.' There is another account, which says he was stolen and sold to the French; if so, they would not care about stealing a horse of inferior breed.

I think I have shown that the Darley Arabian was a superior horse to the Byerly Turk, and I believe he was also far superior to the Godolphin. The following will prove him to have been so. Did the Godolphin produce such a horse as Flying Childers, or have his descendants in the direct male line produced as many good horses as the Darley Arabian and his descendants? Lath, son of the Godolphin Arabian, cannot, I think, be put in the same class with Childers; he may have been a good horse among the horses of his day. The produce of the descendants of the Darley Arabian, as the immediate produce of a pure-bred horse, would, of necessity, show to advantage among horses not pure bred, as I have stated the descendants of the Childers to have been. And although the 'Stud Book' tells us, 'It is remarkable that there is not a superior horse 'now on the turf without a cross of the Godolphin Arabian, neither 'has there been for many years past,' this fact does not at all convince me that his blood was at all equal to the Darley Arabian's. It is further my opinion that if the blood of the Godolphin had not been so much used after the first cross in Eclipse, and that of the Darley Arabian's more used and kept purer by in-breeding, our horses would have been and would now be better.

What was especially required was Arabian blood on the female side; and allowing the Godolphin to have been an Arabian, he was for a time useful in giving it through his mares in the same way as the Byerly Turk was through his descendants in the female line, but

not to the same extent, as through mares got by Herod, like Maria, for instance, we got not only many strains of Arabian blood, but the best of all, that of the Darley Arabian. We had the first strain of the Godolphin blood mixed with the Darley Arabian's in Eclipse, and his descendants were more noted for speed than for powers of endurance.

In Waxy we had the Darley Arabian blood back again through his dam Maria, who had four strains of that blood. In Touchstone we have certainly a fine collection of good blood, owing, in a great measure, to his dam, Banter, by Master Henry, a direct descendant of the Darley Arabian in the male line, through Orville and Eclipse; and, again, Banter's dam, Boadicea, was by Alexander, another son of Eclipse, and direct male descendant of the Darley Arabian.

We will now look at another branch of the Waxy family, Sir Hercules, grandson of Waxy, his dam Peri, by Wanderer, another descendant of the Darley Arabian in the male line through Gohanna, Mercury, and Eclipse, and Thalestris, Peri's dam, was by Alexander, by Eclipse. Here we have a horse of very superior breeding. I never saw him, he was before my time, but his portrait shows him to have been a very handsome horse, full of Arabian quality and character, doubtless possessing a strong resemblance to his great ancestor, the Darley Arabian, and it is handed down to a great extent in his grandson, Saunterer (perhaps the most perfect horse of the day). Sir Hercules was the sire of Irish Birdcatcher, from whom, through The Baron and his son, Stockwell, are descended the great horses of the present day, Blair Athol, Lord Lyon, and Achievement to wit, the latter two from a mare of Touchstone blood, descendant of Waxy, and the former from a mare who had many strains of Waxy blood. The Sir Hercules line is, at all events, in the ascendant. I have shown him to have been in-bred to the Darley Arabian; the more of that blood and the less of others there may be in a horse the better he will be.

And now comes the question—Is our horse a descendant of the pure-bred Arabian?

The Darley Arabian seems to have been the only horse which we can rely upon as having been of the purest breed—a true Arabian, in fact. His sons, Flying and Bartlett Childers, were horses of *entirely* Eastern blood; but their sons and descendants were not so pure-bred, indeed, they were what we should term now *half-bred*, and from them is descended our *thoroughbred* horse.

I have put the question boldly; I shall not shrink from expressing my opinion, although with regret.

A descendant he is to some extent, but not a pure one. If anything could have brought him up to the required standard it would have been the breeding of Waxy, in whom we had the union of the blood of the two Childers; but I am compelled to remember it came through impure channels.

If this be the case of the best bred, what can be said for horses of a much *crossed* pedigree, whose ancestors (after Childers) were *half-*



*bred* to begin with? Where there is no greatly predominating blood, what is to prevent any inferior strain, ay, even the blood of the old common horse, from showing itself again? which may account for the common coarse-looking horses we sometimes see among our thoroughbreds. I confess I do not like to see coarse points cropping up from time to time; it does not look as if all were quite right.

All horses of Eastern blood possess, in a greater or less degree, the properties of the racehorse, and the Turks and Barbs are doubtless descendants of the Arabian; yet, after the splendid success of the Darley Arabian through his son Flying Childers, is it not wonderful that more horses, and especially mares, of the pure Arabian blood, were not sought for? But are *we* any wiser than our fathers?

As a proof of the great superiority of the Arabian blood I will again refer to Childers. He gave Fox 12lb. over the course (query Beacon Course?), and beat him a quarter of a mile in a trial. Now Fox was by Clumsy, who was by Hautboy, a horse of *Eastern* descent; Fox's dam, Bay Peg, was, like Childers' dam, entirely of Eastern blood, and very similarly bred. I think the pedigree of Fox's dam reads better than that of Childers'. Does not this show that the extraordinary form and quality of Childers were due to his Arabian sire?

After one hundred and fifty years of breeding at what have we arrived? have we ever had a horse equal to Childers? I think not. I question if we could find a horse of the present day which could run the Beacon Course in 7 min. 30 sec.—the time in which we read Childers did it—it is as good time as West Australian and Kingston ran the Ascot Cup Course in, when the former won after a *severe* race, whereas, in all probability, Childers was not pushed: it is better than the best Derby time—Blair Athol's year.

Childers ran the Beacon Course (4 miles, 1 furlong, and 173 yards) in 7 min. 30 sec., or at the rate of one furlong in 13<sup>2</sup><sub>4</sub><sup>27</sup><sub>1</sub> sec.

Kingston and West Australian, Ascot Cup Course (2 miles and 4 furlongs) in 4 min. and 27 sec., or at the rate of one furlong in 13<sup>1</sup><sub>4</sub><sup>54</sup><sub>0</sub> sec.

Blair Athol ran the Epsom Derby (1 mile and 4 furlongs) in 2 min. and 43 sec., or at the rate of a furlong in 13<sup>1</sup><sub>2</sub> sec.

Do not let us ignore Flying Childers' performances: in a few generations doubts may be thrown upon the performances of the horses of our day. Even the Stud Book, the third edition of which was published in 1827, deviates from its usual course, and says of Flying Childers, 'Generally supposed to have been the fleetest horse 'that was ever trained in this or any other country;' for I cannot help thinking he was the *very best bred*, therefore, the best horse we have ever had.

To look at it in another point of view. We will suppose that the flaws in Eclipse's pedigree, and those in other sires of former days, have been got rid of: can we even then say our horse is of pure Arabian blood? I think not; we could only say of Eastern blood.

But the Arabian is far superior to any other Eastern horse : he is incomparable, 'He presents the true combination of speed and 'bottom.' Therefore we may fairly conclude that the offspring and *pure* descendants of pure-bred Arabian horses and mares duly cultivated would also be far superior to anything we have had. The breeding from pure Arabians alone, with the Darley Arabian and Flying Childers before our eyes as examples, I think would have been the only right thing to have tried ; and yet I believe I am right in stating it is the only plan in breeding that has never been tried.

Had the Darley Arabian been put to a high-caste Arabian mare, we might have had even a superior horse to Childers.

The French have been running us hard. They have won a Derby (all honour to them) ; the Americans have given us a lesson in yachting, they are going in zealously for breeding and racing. Do not let us be beaten at all points, and on our own ground, too, as I may say. Is it not time to bestir ourselves, to rise up from a state of apathy, to cast from us our prejudices ? But what is to be done ? Look the matter boldly in the face. We have seen that immediately after Childers we were breeding from stock of certainly not pure blood (to make the best of it). It is very doubtful if we have yet or ever will get rid of the ill effects of such a course. Let us go to the pure blood of the Desert again, obtain the purest-bred horses and mares from Arabia. Then may we hope to have another Childers, and keep our heads still in front.

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### OUR GENTLEMEN RIDERS.—No. III.

MR. EDWARDS.

IN continuing our pen-and-ink sketches of Gentlemen Riders, we fully appreciate the delicacy of the task we have allotted to ourselves, for we are cognizant of the sensitiveness of their nerves, and the fearful ordeal of criticism our portraiture will undergo. But as 'nothing 'extenuate nor set down aught in malice' has ever been our motto, we trust to secure the verdict of the majority of that class who will sit in judgment upon us. Our first sitters were Mr. George Thompson and Mr. H. Coventry, to both of whose abilities in the saddle we endeavoured to do justice ; and now we arrive at Mr. Ede, better known as Mr. Edwards, who, adding to his *rôle* of a gentleman jockey that of a steeplechase rider, has just claims to succeed to the next vacancy on our list, in which we need scarcely say the purchase system does not exist. Borrowing the language of the romance writers of half a century back, we will introduce the subject of our memoir and vignette in a manner that will most command the attention of those who have put him up and seen him stand down. Well, then, in the course of the fine summer evenings of 1839, before Southampton had changed its natural features from Cheltenham to

Liverpool and Bristol, the strollers either under its fine and unrivalled avenue at the top of the town, or on the pier at the other end, witnessing the departure of the Havre steamer, were continually being struck with the appearance of two twin children in the Highland garb, attended by their *bonne*. There was something in their aspect which at once indicated the station in life to which they belonged, and in point of similarity the two Dromios could not have been more like. Little did the gazer on their childish gambols imagine that in those two chubby-faced boys there was a future great gentleman jockey and likewise a cricketer of similar eminence. And it never occurred to ourselves that when our hair was becoming grey with age, and symptoms of snow appearing on the mountains, and our figure savoured more of the willow than the poplar, we should be called upon to chronicle their feats on the racecourse and the cricket-field.

These twins, then, we should state, were Masters George and Edward Ede, the sons of Mr. Ede, a gentleman of fortune who resided at Clayfield Lodge, near Southampton Common, where they first saw the light in February, 1834, their eyes opening, as it were, on the racecourse adjoining their birthplace. They were educated at Eton, which they left in 1850, when each struck out a path for himself in his peculiar line of sporting, and in which they may be said to have arrived at distinction. Agriculture was the science to which our hero devoted himself, from the desire he experienced to become one of those benefactors to his species who cause two blades of grass to spring up where only one grew before; and with the purpose of having the late Lord Spencer for his example, he chose Northampton for the scene of his operations. Here his innate love of riding developed itself in the course of his studies, which, pursued in the open air, over large tracts of country, made him well acquainted with the banks and ditches of Northamptonshire, which Captain Becher was wont to say was the best school for young steeplechasers. On quitting Northampton, he returned to Southampton with perhaps a better reputation as a horseman than an agriculturalist.

An acquaintance having sprung up between him and Ben Land, who was then in full force as a steeplechaser, and Ben's discernment perceiving he was a natural horseman, and only wanted practice to become a first-rate gentleman jockey, he put him up whenever he had an opportunity, and as we shall subsequently show, practice made him perfect. His career on the flat commenced in 1856, when, at the Warwick September Meeting, he won a race for gentlemen riders with his own mare Ada; and his first hurdle-race was at Waltham Abbey, where he rode Caledonian for Ben Land, who was then and there congratulated on having secured so promising a young one, and his steeplechase *début* was looked forward to with much interest, and did not disappoint his admirers.

The scene of his first appearance in a new line of character was Windsor, where, on his own horse Marmaduke, he won three times,

and at that time he was so light he could ride nine stone without notice. These successes, coupled with his quite gentlemanlike demeanour, soon brought him to the front; and in the following year, 1857, he was in immense force, and carried all before him. For he won the Warwick Grand Annual on Weathercock for Ben Land; and at Oundle he had a great day, for he pulled off the Club, and Farmers' Stakes, with his own horse Lilford, and likewise the Selling Stakes on Weston. He next proceeded to Charlbury, where, in the Grand Steeplechase, he got Redcap first for Lord Coventry, and won the Hunt Cup, on Ganymede, for Captain Folliott Duff. The Isley Hurdle Race fell to him also on Weathercock. This, it will be admitted, was a pretty good sample of cross-country business for a second season. And he cannot be said to have done very badly on the flat, in the same year, for at Croxton Park he was successful in the Granby Handicap with The Sluggard. At the Brighton Club Meeting he won the Seventy Pound Plate, for Mr. Payne, on Mabel; and at Lewes the Aristocratic Handicap, on Indulgence, for Lord Clifden, after a magnificent race with Captain Little on Mysterious Lady; besides other minor events, which ran up his score to sixteen winning races. In 1858 he increased his return of winning mounts to twenty, and among the events credited to him, we may mention the Welter Plate, at Warwick, on Gunboat; the Birmingham Hunt Cup on Border Chief; the two Windsor Steeplechases for Ben Land; the Manchester Steeplechase and Hurdle Race, and the Sherwood Handicap, at Nottingham, on Sampson, whom he rode as light as 8st. 9lb. And he was also a good second in the Grand National, on his old friend Weathercock, who had been purchased by Viscount Talon. In 1859 still further promotion awaited him, as he was returned as a winner no less than twenty-four times: his best steeplechase mounts being upon Tease, at Lincoln, and Odiham, at Birmingham, and Severn Bank; while on the flat, he did best with King William, on whom he rode one of his best races, when, at Warwick, he beat Captain Little on Theodora by a short head. In 1860 he was kept for some time out of the saddle by a bad fall which he received at Liverpool, when riding Tease a gallop on the morning of the Grand National, for which he was going to ride him; and at Lewes he got another spill, which put him *hors de combat* for a month. Owing to these circumstances, and a long illness in August, he lost the lead in winning mounts — Mr. Thomas securing it with twenty-one races, and Mr. Bevill running second with nineteen, while he was only third with eighteen, which showed how well he made up for lost time. The steeplechases he won this year, included three at Slough, on Theodine; the Isle of Wight and Hambledon Hunt Steeplechases, on Heads and Tails and The Dodger; and, likewise, the Southdown Hunt with the latter. On the flat, he was returned for the Liverpool Hurdle Race, on Jealousy; for the Willoughby Handicap, on Worcester; for the Croxton Park Cup, on Pitman; and the Sherwood Handicap, on

Tyrant, besides other smaller events, which we have not space to enumerate. In 1861 Mr. Edwards was himself again, and declared at the head of the poll—the statisticians reckoning him up a winner no less than twenty-five times, and he more than doubled his opponents. The limited liability of our space warns us to be content with merely specifying his leading races on the flat, which were the Willoughby, on Pitman, at Warwick; the Welter, at Chester, on Ben Webster; the Aristocratic Handicap, at Lewes; and the Rougemont Stakes, at Exeter, on Vinegar Hill; the Claret and Club Stakes, at Brighton, on Rockley and Shipwreck. His steeplechases were two at Cheltenham, with the Freshman, and the same at Hambledon. This good fortune could not be expected to last, and the following season saw him rather low down in the list of winning gentlemen riders; for eleven wins were all he could boast of, and as they were mostly in the same district, and in no particular places, we need not particularize. At the same time, it is only fair to mention, that the state of the poll may be somewhat accounted for, by the fact of our hero having taken to cricket very warmly, and the wicket-ground having greater attractions for him than the weighing-room. And, as an instance of his skill and activity, we may remark that, after beating Fordham by a head at Hampton, he scored 122 runs the following day at Southampton, in a match between East Hants and South Hants. In 1863 he likewise had a good year; for fifteen races is no bad share of luck, and he ran second with fifteen races to Mr. George Thompson's eighteen. And as they were of the same class as before, we must refer our readers to the Calendar for further and better particulars. In 1864 fortune again smiled on him; as he got up on no less than twenty-eight winners of all kinds and descriptions, and among them we may mention Marble Hill, Twilight, Cadeau, Stanton, Overstone, Gownsmen, Gemma, Vabalathus, and Gorsehawk: and as usual, Warwick was almost his copyright. In 1865 he even did still better, having won no less than thirty races—the highest number ever known to be carried off by a gentleman rider—commencing his steeplechase score with the Warwick Grand Annual, on Emblem, for Lord Coventry; and concluding it with the Worcester Grand Annual on Ironsides, for B. Land, and Cortolvin, for Lord Poulett, at Croydon. While on the flat he begun with Balder for the Cup, at Croxton Park, and wound up with The Plover, at Shrewsbury. Last year he was again at the head of the poll, with twenty-six winning mounts, including three for the Duke of Beaufort on Lord Ronald, and the prices at which his animals started are the best indication of the confidence the public have in his mounts.

Thus, it will be seen, Mr. Edwards during his career in the pigskin has been associated with most of the noblemen on the Turf; but he has been chiefly connected with Lord Uxbridge, to whom he gave the first call of his services. And, after he had won no less than eight times for him, on old Marble Hill, his lordship presented him with a large portrait of the horse, by Harry Hall, and which is

a faithful likeness both of Marble Hill and his jockey. When his lordship's stud became so diminished, he waived his call in favour of Lord Poulett, whose steeplechases and flat races will for the future be trusted to his guidance before those of any other nobleman or gentleman. In summarising the performances of Mr. Edwards, it will be found that, in the course of his riding, he has won no less than 213 races and a half, and with very few exceptions, every single event that falls within the reach of a gentleman jockey. Of course, critics will differ as to which have been his best 'bits,' as the doings of jockeys are termed. But, according to our own opinion, the three best races he ever rode were, when he defeated Captain Little on Theodora, at Warwick, with King William; Mr. Stirling Crauford on M. Philippe, at Croxton Park, on Kilsby; and Mr. Bevill on Nukuheva, at Stockbridge, on Musketeer. Gifted with a firm and graceful seat, the best of hands, and an excellent knowledge of pace, he needs but a trifling degree of patience to become as good a gentleman jockey as ever wore a silk jacket. And as Captain Little may be said to have retired, he is undoubtedly the first gentleman rider of the age, in this country, and, consequently, in the world. Of his performances in the cricket field we have already given one instance, and if that is not a sufficient proof of his skill, the fact of his getting over 1,200 runs in the season of 1863, we think will silence all doubt on the subject. And it is only an act of justice to himself and his brother, Mr. E. L. Ede, to state that they were mainly instrumental in establishing the Hampshire County Cricket Club, which was started and still flourishes under the auspices of that stanch patron of the game, Mr. Thomas Chamberlayne, of Cranbury Park. In addition to being a good horseman and cricketer, Mr. Edwards can take his own part in a Battue, a Ball-room, a Billiard-room, and Croquet party. And, without possessing the attributes of *The Tame Cat*, so forcibly illustrated in a recent 'Saturday Review,' he fulfils all the requirements of a visitor to a Country House, even to that of being unmarried.

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### WILD SHOOTING ABROAD.

THERE is no more enjoyable life than that the sportsman leads abroad, whether in the Indian jungles, the wilds of Africa, or the wilderness of forests and plains of America. Some trifling luxuries may be missed, some annoyances and dangers have to be encountered, but he who has a love of sport bred in him will enjoy the superabundance of game all the more for these little drawbacks.

The free pure air inflates his lungs, his muscles are kept firm by exercise, his healthy stomach needs no bitters, nor after a hearty meal does that fell demon dyspepsia trouble him.

Forest, plain, lake, river, they are all free to him. He hunts, fishes, eats, sleeps when and where he will; whilst no Jeames, in

velveteens, warns him off the ground, if hostile, or expects a 'tip,' if placable.

According to the country he is hunting in he will expect to encounter the powerful beasts that are found on his 'happy hunting grounds;' but if a Briton, he will chuckle to himself as he reflects that he has left, in the haunts of civilization he has escaped from, an animal more difficult to kill than a grizzly bear, and more tenacious in securing his prey than a Bengal tiger—the ferocious *tax-collector*.

With a firm grasp he steadies his rifle as a wild bull charges down upon him in the cane-brake, and drops the shaggy monster at his feet; whilst had the *tax-collector charged* he would only have met him with a sickly smile, and the hunter would find himself the victim.

No! the life in the woods—the wild free life of the plains—the life that roving vagabonds lead—is the happiest life after all.

The city man, who only hunts his neighbour, and turns his money over two or three times a year, may enjoy *settlement* life, but he is neither so healthy nor so honest as the man of the wilderness; and though there may be some dispute as to whether hunting preceded the pastoral business—whether Cain was a hunter, and procured the sheep for his brother's flocks, or only hunted Abel's 'strays,' it is undeniable that both these honest occupations existed long before bill-discounting was invented, or even 'limited' companies.

When Gordon Cumming, now at rest, rode out and killed the best bull elephant of a herd, or when he revenged the death of his follower, Hendrick, on the man-eater, the lion, who carried him out of the camp, his descriptions stirred up the blood of many a hunter, and induced them to go and do likewise; and since his book appeared of 'Five Years of a Hunter's Life in South Africa,' many a man has been led to go abroad and emulate Cumming's exploits, who else would never have thought of foreign sport.

The travels of Dr. Livingstone in South and Central Africa indirectly led the way to the discovery of the source of the Nile by Grant and Speke; and so the world owes not a little to those whom the white-chokered old fogies call 'vagabonds,' because a restlessness of disposition leads them to travel in the interests of science or sport.

It has never been my luck to hunt in Africa or the East Indies, but I have been quite content with the game I have found in the far west of North America; and as that country is so easily reached now by the aid of steam, and as shooting and fishing become each year more restricted in the British isles, I think perhaps your readers may be interested in knowing what game and sport they might expect if they went to the expense of a trip there.

The noblest animal the hunter might expect to find would be the buffalo, and the nearest point at which he would probably be found would be the Pawnee Forks, near Fort Riley. The most direct route to reach these buffalo grounds is by steamer to Quebec; thence

up the St. Lawrence and the lakes to St. Paul's, near the head waters of the Mississippi; thence to St. Joseph's, Missouri, from which Fort Riley is easily reached.

A friend of mine, the 'Mr. Treemiss' of Lord Milton's and Dr. Cheadle's book—a *nom du voyage*, by-the-way—and whom I ought to have accompanied, has just reached the grounds, or, rather, has been there for a month, as I perceive by his letter that he had reached Fort Riley on the 6th of August.

The sportsman from the 'old country' will be well repaid for his outlay when he finds himself with a good 'buffalo horse' bounding under him, the outstretched prairie rolling before him, like a green sea suddenly congealed, and in the distance the dark herds of the mighty game; and then he will understand how the wild Indian conceived the idea of his hoped-for heaven—those 'happy hunting grounds' which he hopes for after death, where through a perpetual summer he will hunt over ever-verdant, flower-carpeted prairies, upon which the game—the buffalo, the elk, and the deer—never diminish in numbers.

Far south—in Arkansas, and especially in Texas—he will find another kind of wild cattle, which, though not natives of the country, being only the descendants of the Spanish cattle imported originally by the Spaniards at the same time they introduced the horse on to the American continent, have gone wild, and now are found in the great forests and cane-brakes in thousands, that will give him as much sport and more danger than even the buffalo themselves.

In like manner the horses have strayed off and become wild; and these, unlike the wild cattle, prefer the prairies to the forests; and, most likely, upon one of these reclaimed animals the sportsman will be mounted whilst pursuing his game.

These wild horses (mustangs they are called), when caught and broken in, make the best hunting horses, for this wild work, in the world.

When I first went to the South a good animal of this kind might be got for ten dollars (2*l.*); or, if he was very good indeed, fifteen dollars (3*l.*).

Another beast of chase—he, too, an exotic—is the wild hog, for the only species of pig native to America, from icy Labrador to the Straits of Magellan, is the little vicious peccary, and he is only found in the southern part of North America, in Central, and in the northern part of South America; and on the coast, where there are plenty of reedy lagunes, these hogs, driven out either by fire or dogs, can be speared as they are in India; and though their flesh is not very good, in fact, almost worthless, from the fishy food or carrion which they consume, they fight as pluckily as a rattlesnake, and woe betide hound, horse, or horseman that they can get a rip at with their tusks.

When suddenly surprised in a palmetto swamp in the forest, as they often are by the hunter when driving for deer with hounds, they 'rally' together, *i.e.*, form a circle, tails inwards, whilst they face



the hounds, their white tusks flashing as they churn the foam from their lips, whilst a war-cry between a grunt and a squeal is uttered, as though they 'bid defiance to the world.'

Though good for sport, and almost useless for food, they do a great amount of good in their generation, as they clear off heaps of snakes, for they never pass a snake without killing it, seldom being killed in return; though I once witnessed an instance in which the pig (he was only a porker) came off second best.

The snake on this occasion took an unfair advantage, and struck the pig in the eye. It died in about ten minutes, and the rattle-snake did not survive it, as we smashed its head with a rifle-bullet just before the porker gave its last kick.

'Cuffy,' as the common black bear is called, ranks, perhaps, first in the list of forest game, and, though seldom found by the silent forest stalker, he is very often killed to the music of hound and horn.

No sport can be more exciting, when, on some 'Fall' morning, half a dozen good men and true meet with a good pack of bear-dogs to rouse some old 'corn thief' from his lair, and get restitution for all the corn and pumpkins Cuffy has stolen.

The crash and clamour of the fierce pack as they rouse him from his lair in some cane-brake, the cheers of the hunters as they recognize the voices of their favourite hounds, and the patter of the horses' hoofs on the turf, as their riders force them through the *abatis* of the 'tangled wild wood' to get a shot at the bear, must be seen—partaken of, rather—to be understood. No cunning fox, no timid hare, or bounding deer is there, but an animal who will sell his life, so far as the dogs go, dearly; and if not shot outright, there will be 'wigs upon the green' if the pack closes with him ere the friendly rifles are there to put a word in.

The hunting-horn hanging by me as I write has sounded the whoo-whoop over many a black old rascal.

An occasional puma, the panther or 'painter' of the backwoodsman, with plenty of lynxes and leopard cats, are to be found in the forests and cane-brakes—in the latter most frequently, as the covert is thicker and least penetrable; and these animals, as is natural with the cat tribe, can work their lithe bodies through a network of cane stems and tangled thickets, which, if they do not quite stop, delay the hounds, so as to prolong a morning's sport, though, from the warmth of their scent, they seldom get away altogether.

Sometimes the cat, or panther, 'trees;' and then the prolonged baying of the hounds leads up the hunters to the trees, where the rifle finishes the hunt.

Silver foxes, too, are plentiful, and very often the supposed cat the hounds are running turns out to be a fox; and as these 'tree' as well as a cat, they are treated in the same manner.

The noblest of the game birds, the wild turkey, is still to be found in abundance throughout the whole south-west, but it tasks the skill of the hunter to kill them. Shyest of all game, whether

quadrupeds or birds, it is only to be killed with certainty by those who have closely studied its habits; and where full-grown birds are in question, the tyro is simply wasting his time in trying to out-mancœuvre them.

On the prairies the deer are in immense numbers, and, with a little practice, are easily killed, the tall prairie grass generally enabling the hunter to crawl within reach for his rifle to stop them.

As I have before described in this magazine the various methods in killing both the deer and turkeys, I shall not here repeat them, but shall rather enumerate the various game than treat of the different ways to kill it.

With pointers or setters the sportsman can hardly help filling his bag with prairie-hens or quail.

In the winter the wild fowl come down in myriads from the north, 'frozen out;' then on the coast swan, geese, ducks, widgeon, &c., are to be killed in any quantity, whilst the ponds and prairie sloughs are full of them.

Snipes, woodcocks, plover, &c., are to be found wherever the ground suits them; and though the waste of game often restrains the sportsman from killing more than he can consume, it is often in his power to destroy huge quantities.

Before closing this paper I may say that the forests are as unlike anything we see in the shape of woodland here as anything can possibly be: there no woodman's knife trims the trees, no windfalls are made into faggots; and the worn-out old giants remain where they fall, unless some wandering hunter kindles his camp-fire against their sides.

Here, where these forests stretch for miles, the novice easily becomes lost, and all his theoretical knowledge is of no use; and by practice alone, and close observation of the mosses, the position of the sun, and the direction his shadow is cast, with a thousand and one little matters which are readily marked by the thorough woodsman, but which terribly puzzle the tyro, he can only hope in time to know how to find his way out.

Some, however—generally Indians—seem to be guided by the same instinct which guides the bee to its hive or the bird to its nest, in threading their way through the wilderness.

The prairie is scarcely less difficult for a stranger to traverse than the forest; when once upon the sea of grass he loses sight of land, or rather landmarks, for once far away out on one of these great prairies, where the same green line meets the horizon all around, if he gets confused and loses his head he will be lost, or, at any rate, may wander many days ere he finds timber, which, by following its edge, may lead him to a house.

A little prairie craft would prevent all this if he could only remember that his shadow would always give him 'a line,' which, if he steadily adhered to, would in the end lead him *somewhere*.

However, no one on paper can teach those who do not know this hunter's lore; it can only be gained by practice. But these latter lines may convince those who fancy they could never get lost that there is some difference between a sportsman and a hunter.

## PARIS SPORT AND PARIS LIFE.

HERE we are once again in the midst of life—of dissipation—of extravagance—perhaps even at the outpost of ruin, and yet the world goes on as pleasantly (outwardly, at least) as if everybody had twelve thousand a year, paid quarterly by an honest agent, from an improving property. The Paris season has recommenced, but I cannot say that as yet it is in anything like its 'stride'; it is taking, in fact, only what your touts call 'a nice canter;' but, to follow up the metaphor, I think it promises to go very fast, and will certainly 'stay,' for we have the longest season on record just dawning. Picture to yourselves an Exhibition year which happens, by an accident, to occur in a season of general peace—railway and steamboat tickets 25 per cent. under the usual price—America with heaps of loose money; then fancy a Great Paris Exhibition, and pity the humble individual who has the honour to address you, and the (temporary) misfortune to dwell in that Exposition city. However, we have not got to that pitch yet. At present, in fact, I think Paris is a little dull. A good many French families, tempted by the hope of impossible prices, are gone to see their aunts in the departments, and intend letting their houses. And what with East-end and West-end panics in London, the British tourist (with money) is as scarce as a 'megatherium.'

My letter, however, in spite of that dulness, will be more about Paris Life than Paris Sport.

The weather has been with us nearly—I was going to say damnable—as it seems to have been with you, and all legitimate sport has been at an end. The Imperial staggers are still at Compiègne, but the deuce a gallop have they had since the dawn of 1867. The Prince Napoleon has a pack of hounds at Meudon as fast as George Carter's, but they, too, have been 'confined to barracks' since Christmas. Did I not 'send on' to the 'Black Head,' at Boulogne, my two best hunters—Blunderer, by Bolter out of Bounce (an Irish horse), and Cutaway, by Stop out of Imposition, and have to return, without showing the coat which I had brought over from Poole? Alas! unless I wear it at a masquerade, and go about shouting 'Yoicks, tally-ho!' like young Moss, in the 'Newcomes,' I shall have to keep it, I fear, for next year. The Marquis de l'Aigle, who hunts boar in the forest of Compiègne, is also up a tree—a very tall tree—a poplar—on account of the frost, for he keeps an establishment suited for four days a week. There has been no good shooting, either, that I have heard of—at least in France; but I learn that in Italy a relation of the Marquis Talon had a fairish 'morning's sport' between Bologna and Ferrara, when three guns bagged 497 wild ducks!

The Emperor has had one or two tremendous days at St. Cloud and Fontainebleau, on one of which they bagged to nine guns 1,409 head, of which the Emperor killed 339; Prince de Metternich, a bad second, with 206; and Prince de la Moskowa, 'nowhere,' with 162 head.

This was at Fontainebleau, and is considered to be the 'best day' recorded in the sporting archives of the Second Empire. I can give you the exact return of another great day at St. Cloud:—

|                                |     |                          |       |
|--------------------------------|-----|--------------------------|-------|
| Empereur . . . . .             | 217 | M. de Corberon . . . . . | 149   |
| Prince de Moskowa . . . . .    | 168 | M. de Noue . . . . .     | 72    |
| Prince de Metternich . . . . . | 190 | Mr. Grosvenor . . . . .  | 118   |
| Count Walowski . . . . .       | 85  | M. de Hecken . . . . .   | 109   |
| Duc d'Albustéra . . . . .      | 85  |                          |       |
| Count de Moltke . . . . .      | 97  | Total . . . . .          | 1,300 |

So, you see, they can get heads of game up even here.

I must not forget to tell you that pigeon-shooting is in the ascendant here, and the 'Cercle des Patineurs,' where shooting is carried on during the summer with every possible luxurious accessory, is likely to be a great institution this Exhibition year. The Emperor's Prize Cup will soon be exhibited in London. The 'Daily Telegraph' has given a 'Daily Telegraph Cup,' which will soon be exhibited in Paris; and several other prizes are coming from London.

So many of your readers are for ever going blundering about the Continent, professing that they want to kill boar, deer, &c., &c., that I have taken the trouble to write to several sporting friends, and I now put before them the facts which are written to me. Boar-shooting is but a poor amusement, to my mind; yet it is better than yawning out of the bay-window of a club. So here I send you my accounts, which, if not amusing, are true.

An enormous wild boar, which for some time past has made its home in a wood near Boulogne-sur-Mer, has just been killed by a farmer of Bournonville, named Hache, under rather singular circumstances. The residents in the neighbourhood have since the month of October been accustomed to let loose every morning their droves of pigs, which stray through the wood in search of acorns, but have failed to return to the farms in the evening. Three nights back those of M. Hache arrived, accompanied by the wild boar, which unsuspectingly laid itself down on a heap of manure in the yard, where it was killed by two shots from a double-barrelled gun. The animal weighed 280 pounds.

Then Monsieur B—— writes to me:—Five wild boars were killed during a hunting party organized a few days back at Samety (Meuse). At one moment a M. Renard found himself alone in presence of one of those animals. With the first barrel of his gun he wounded it in the foot; the second missed fire. He then seized the animal in his arms, and struggled with it for ten minutes, when assistance arrived, and it was despatched. It was found to weigh 300 pounds. In the encounter M. Renard received three wounds in his leg from the boar's tusks.

Finally, I have a letter from the 'Meuse,' which, if not sporting, is amusing. A bull in a china-shop is evidently not worse than a boar in a beer-cellar.

My acquaintance the Marquis de X—— writes:—A large wild boar was observed a few days since wandering in the commune of Aulnais (Meuse). Some of the inhabitants followed him, when he turned into a barn, and from thence made his way into a cellar. The neighbours hastened to attack him with axes and guns, and after a desperate defence he was killed, but not until he had committed great devastation, smashing an immense number of bottles, and upsetting a vat containing three hogsheads of wine, which was all lost. He weighed 102 kilos.

Now, seeing that these great wild 'porkers' are about in easy Europe, why does ingenuous youth rush to Africa, where—I refer to easy Africa, of course—he will find all the larger game killed by French soldiers, or hunted to death by Tangerines?

Of course the racing season is dead. Mr. Jennings came over in the early part of last month, and set a task to Count de Lagrange's young pupils. Some of them, I understand, performed it so well that they have been sent over to England to go to college—if not quite to Cambridge, to Newmarket; and, as many of your readers must confess, that is the next thing to it.

There are a very large number of horses in training in France, and I hear we are to have a great season on our turf; but as yet I have not heard of that 'good thing' which is to put us all on velvet. I heard a report, but I fancy it was

entirely absurd, that the dates of the French Derby and the Grand Prix were to be altered; but surely at so late a period it would be an utter impossibility. For my part, I wish the Grand Prix was run on any other day, for we have such a scrimmage of going and coming sportsmen, that 'you can't tell t'other from which;' and just as you are going to ask X. to dinner, you find that he started last night with Y. and Z., and is by that time at Ascot plunging wildly and losing nobly. If they would give us a nice quiet week, and if some gallant winner would give a 200 or 300 guinea Cup to be run for as an international prize on the Saturday of the Meeting (so that proper, *i. e.*, 'go-to-church' English could attend), what a cheery Meeting we should have!

Deauville means having a great Meeting next year, and the Emperor, Empress, and Court in general will be present.

I hear great accounts of the hawking in France, and purpose assisting at one of these 'licensed hawker's' meetings as soon as my numerous engagements will allow me to go away. The 'Loo,' once almost as famous as the 'Bois de Boulogne' for International races—it was there that Mr. Stirling Crauford, Lord Strathmore, &c., &c., used to 'witch the (Dutch) world with 'noble horsemanship'—is now the great breeding-ground for hawks. In Guelderland and Brabant is found the scanty breed of wild falcons which supply the perches of hawking Europe. It is a pity that the fine old sport has died out; but, like other sports, it has fallen a victim to cultivation and high farming. It may still exist in France though, as there are miles of yet truly open country. Our friends, who will to-morrow meet the Duke at 'Three Queens,' will admit that galloping over a flat and open country with your eyes riveted on a bird in the sky is all very well, but that if you come into enclosed grass-grounds, with a trifle of ox-fences, your eyes have all they know how to do to keep their owners going on the green sward. I wonder how some of your hardest Pytchley men—well, let us say Mr. Black Neville himself—would like to go pounding 'nez en air,' as they say here, 'along the 'brook side in the valley down by Althorpe?' And would he now exclaim with dear Mary Cave, 'What a country for a flight!' Eh bien! It exists here now this hawking, and is, perhaps, the last links which bind us to the days of Louis the Magnificent. Hawking has a 'raison d'être' in France, which hunting—true hunting—never can. 'Tis true—pity 'tis 'tis true—not long ago the good sportsman who rules over France—rules over France so justly, so cleverly, and so well—asked why it was that so few English country gentlemen travelled now. 'Sire,' said the gentleman, who was then received by him, 'I believe it is that the English are fonder than ever of fox-hunting.' 'And quite right, too,' replied Napoleon III., Emperor of the French, who once stopped the field three times in one day in a run with the 'Queen's' from Pole Hill in days when the Davis used to ride, and the 'Queen's' to run.

One word more of Paris Sport, and I turn to Paris Life. I understand that Major Fridolin has a confederate in H. E. Kholil Bey. I hope he will bring luck. Apropos, I read with respectful surprise in a London paper that this Bey won 40,000*l.* one night at play at some 'resort in the vicinity of the 'Palais Royal,' which is likely to attract the attention of the police.' So is the history of society written! If Anybody Bey wanted to risk a million of francs—which is, you know, a bit of money, after all—he might be accommodated at a club, but he is hardly likely to go there and stake a large fortune at a 'gargote,' which is likely to attract the attention of the police.' The truth is they did play 'crackers' last year, and the authorities, who can do it here, were on the verge of interfering several times, but they have as yet been content with 'warning.'

The new club on the other side of the 'Seine,' which is to be rustic, 'toor-al-rulal,' and respectable, is rapidly advancing, and will be finished for this Great Exhibition about which all Europe is now talking. About that Exhibition I have little to say which will interest the readers of 'Baily;' but still they may care to know that there will be a great international cattle show and display of agricultural implements, and that they will have a chance of seeing at the *annexe* of the Ile de Billancourt what are really French stock and French implements. Of the latter I think but little; but of the stock I say, country gentlemen, who 'sit at home at ease,' don't be too conservative, but come yourselves and see what beasts and sheep France can produce. I like to illustrate my story with examples taken from every-day life, and here I might almost use the hacknied joke, and say, 'with plates' also; and, therefore, I will quote a case in point. The Marquis Talon last week entertained a select party of his countrymen (English) at Vorsiis, and never has the humble individual who takes the liberty of now addressing you seen a finer or eat a tenderer saddle of mutton.

'English, of course,' remarks a bold Briton; but B. B. was wrong: since the international cattle plague not one saddle or leg of mutton can be introduced into this land of veal! If we could not speak English we could jest about weal and *weau*. Talking the other night at the Grand Hotel, a very dictatorial man—in fact, he was a Q. C.—and another, apparently mild party, got into a discussion on this very subject. 'But I tell you, my good sir, that I know 'all about it. It is impossible—not a joint of English mutton can now enter 'France.' 'Well, all I know,' replies the meeker party, 'is that last week 'when my horses came over, I brought out a saddle. Not a joint of mutton.' 'And that is law,' interrupted Q. C., who likes to hear, and not to listen. 'No,' says the modest man, 'it was not, in fact, a saddle of mutton, but a five-year 'old saddle of Wilkinson and Kidd.' So the lawyer was derided by a full house, and justly.

Our carnival has commenced, and we have assisted at one or two of the orgies; returning from one of which we confess to have stepped on a slide, fallen down on our hat and that part of the person in which the tail grows in animals, lost our latch-key, and otherwise 'misdemeanoured' ourselves, which was the more provoking, as we had declined all invitations to supper, and were bent on a quiet and early (that it was sure to be) bed.

Nothing striking met us at those inevitable balls. The old story! 'Nothing 'is new—nothing is true, and it don't much matter to anybody.' The fact is, I believe the world in general is weary of masquerades. That female coal-heaver, called here a 'débardeuse,' is burnt to dust and ashes. Who could be robbed by that brigand? Why, you might be as well amused by that clown, or fall hopelessly in love with that flower-girl, who is really a 'flour-girl,' being a small baker's daughter in the Rue Centrale! No, the age is too old for masking and mumming, and we can stand it no longer. Every time I am fool enough to pay ten francs, I am the more convinced that I ought to go dressed as a fool, and, when returning in the early dawn, I feel convinced really 'that pleasure is but vanity, and man all over dust.'

You may say that our season has regularly commenced, just like that of the Quorn after the Kirby Gate Meet, but we have had but indifferent sport as yet; the ground has been very deep, not very good going, and foxes (*i.e.*, balls and parties) have run short. Bals masques! Well, do you know, I fancy we are getting too old for them. When we tear off the mask from that domino which we have followed all night—a pretty hand, perhaps, or foot in a pink silk stocking, which we have seen twinkling beneath the cold shade of a satin

skirt, and find that it only concealed a face of age and almost, from that age, of respectability; when we find ourselves supping at the Englishers' 'Hoff,' at five A.M., with a party old enough to be our washerwoman, and ugly enough to be as chaste as the huntress Diana—she having a vast appetite and a taste for truffles—then, I say, we have 'lost a night,' and I fancy the awaking of the morning will not support the reflections of the night, let alone the 'addition' which, indeed, is such usually, and which you call a bill.

One 'Bal Masque del'Opera' is what I prescribe as a dose for a grown man, *pro re natâ*—translated, you know, once as for 'the young one just born.' I would allow two—but then all is over. Private balls abound here, and the whole alphabet, from the Duchess A—to the Countess Z—, have conspired to invite us to dance, drink (chiefly sweet things), and be merry; and so we are merry, though, preferring curious old dry drinks, we do not imbibe. 'Fancy my stomach and its astonishment, if I took some iced almond water!' observed one of the noble army of martyrs to me only last night, at the Duchess de Zero's reception. 'Thank you—none! A cigar—a good many cigars, and a good deal of soda and B., and I'm tiled in for the night. Moderate man I am,' continued the Captain, 'and often pleasant when I'm pleased.' So he refused the proffered refection.

The theatres have been rather striking this month, holding some extraordinary mirrors up to an extraordinary nature—not human nature. Oh no! French nature, which is quite different. 'La divina Patti' has been bringing back to us the days of our youth—a wasted, misspent youth, I dare say, but still extremely agreeable—by singing the 'Puritani,' that delight of gods (in the gallery) and men (in the stalls). Grisi is re-presented in Patti, whose marvellous young voice, fresh as the whiskers of morning breezes, brings us back again to the days that are gone. But where is the Lablache, the Rubini, the Tamburini? Echo answers, 'Where?' And, truth to tell, echo is the only thing that does answer in Paris now as regards the Italian Opera. Menkin is here—the adorable—the irrepressible—the nude! We know that 'Beauty when unadorned is adorned the best.' There is no doubt as to her beauty—by the way, the portraits of her which are stuck up in the streets are exactly like George Gordon, Lord Byron, who once or twice wrote a poem, as you may remember. There is no doubt as to her being 'unadorned;' and it is clear that Paris thinks she is quite adorned enough for them. But we have had a great time at the little theatre of the Bouffés Parisien. Our pearl has come out of its shell. The world of Paris *shelled out* in return, giving twelve pounds for a box, and two pounds (takers) for a stall. Mdle. Cora—it is no business of mine, but she is the best figure in France—appeared as Cupid, in Offenbach's operetta of 'Orpheus aux Enfers.' We remember to have heard, in our youth—happy, but extravagant and, alas! departed season—that

'C'est l'amour, l'amour, l'amour,

'Qui fait le monde à la ronde,'

and certainly Cupid gave them a turn the other night. More clever acting I have never witnessed; more pretty costumes were never invented. The 'world'—by which, oh reader of 'Baily,' I mean your world and mine, not the world of all—the world sat (*not* still) and admired; and it was admitted that Lais was as good as Melpomene; that the goddess of the Bois de Boulogne may now aspire to a niche in the temple of burlesque-dramatic fame! The 'Belle Hélène' is still running, and run after. 'Paris aime bien les épaules;' and though it sees a good many of them, does not seem to tire; indeed it likes 'les jambes' also, I conclude, from the rush for stalls. Will you believe it—I wanted to take my maiden aunt to see Schneider, and she

(she is very impatient, and wanted to get back to a Dorcas meeting—what is a Dorcas meeting?—in Devonshire) had to wait a week, and did not think it quite proper after all!

It may interest some of your readers to know that we are to have horse shows, cattle shows, dog shows, and, I believe, cat shows at our coming Exhibition, which an American, lately, (there are tens of thousands of them here just now, quite at home, and spitting like Niagara) called 'The Great Exposition;' and besides that there is in the island of Billancourt, eight minutes by train and twenty by water from the Champ de Mars (the head-quarters of the Exhibition), a regular 'Agricultural Show.' Ploughing in all its branches, draining, with its tales and its tiles, threshing, winnowing—everything. Nor is this all. Billancourt is to repeat the Vauxhall scenes of our childhood, and will be illuminated every night with ten thousand additional lamps.

I hear we are to have also a sort of international display of carriages and horses in the streets of Paris and in the wood of Boulogne. A distinguished judge of all that is high as to stepping and dry as to drinking is, I learn, *en route* with a stud that will astonish the eye of the denizens of the Elysian Fields. Marquis Talon, too, has got together a team which will take some beating, and which certainly requires some holding. M. Narischine has the prettiest phaeton I have ever seen; and Peters and Sons have a carriage or two, ordered by a Russian noble, for the purpose of astonishing the French, which will be unequalled. I wish again that, for once, we could see a procession through the Bois de Boulogne to the Skating Club, and so to the race-course of all the coaches of the Four-in-hand Club. I whispered the idea to an angel whom I lately met in the 'Paradise of the world,' Paris; but the 'angel's whisper' in return was, 'All very well, old fellow, but we have such 'a cruel lot to do at home (in Paradise) just at that time.' They say here that Mr. Savile will win the English Derby and the Grand Prix de Paris. I hope so, for one.

### 'OUR VAN.'

#### THE INVOICE.—January Jottings.

JANUARY, hitherto Sacred to the Memory of Bardolph-nosed turkeys, monstrous mincepies, brilliant pantomimes, and long school-bills never sent in until the return of the young gentlemen to their studies, has this year taken the elements of frost and snow under its peculiar care, and they may be said to have had a rare run. In fact the Ice King we may state to have taken a benefit, when his friends rallied round him in sufficient numbers to prove he still had a hold on their affections as well as their legs, as the surgeons of Charing Cross and St. George's Hospitals can testify. And truly, London has borne a strong resemblance to St. Petersburg, and on one or two days, but for our unique race of policemen and omnibus drivers, it was hardly possible to distinguish one city from the other, supposing the artists of the 'Illustrated London News' were accurate in their delineations of the northern capital: for, as there, every building was covered with snow as white as a twelfth cake, and every foot-passenger seemed to have a cold in his head. Every class nearly, except Sporting writers and Dr. McCann, were thrown out of employ. The former raved for the entries for the Spring Handicaps, and the hard-hearted firm of Burlington Street would not stop their cravings. So they shared the fate of poor Mother Hubbard's canine favourite. Then The Soiled Dove case was in abeyance, so nothing could be made of that, and the field was left open to the



Special Commissioners, one of whom, from his hardy frame, indomitable determination, and capabilities of enduring fatigue, we could cordially recommend as secretary to any future Arctic Expedition, when a notice is needed of the first favourite for the Esquimaux Derby. Still, although we have had neither Racing Meetings nor Steeple-chases, the month has been an eminently sensational one, and we will treat of its features in the order they occurred, although we may not perhaps throw any new light upon them. First, then, we had the screaming Voightlander farce at Croydon, the chief performer in which, Mr. Colam, successfully exerted himself to destroy the very excellent institution to which he is unfortunately attached. Never in our recollection has a person more clearly illustrated the old adage 'that the higher a monkey climbs the more necessity he has for strong trousers.' The proverb is somewhat coarser in the original text, but in toning it down to suit the tastes of a portion of our readers, we fancy we have preserved the real pith of it. The scene of the trial ought to have been perpetuated on canvas, as much as that of Charles the First or Queen Caroline, for its result has become quite as historical. And if we could have ventured to suggest to the artist the most opportune moment to seize on for illustration, it would have been when the great Colam ordered the Duke of Hamilton, Brandon, and Chatelheraut out of court, because he accompanied his friend, Mr. Crawshaw, and would give evidence in his behalf, which, in other words, was supposing the holder of an English, Scotch, and French Peerage 'would bite a bible in two' to save the rider of Voightlander from the possible infliction of the fine of forty shillings, for which he would have cared less than for the loss of a button of his shirt. Fortunately the Croydon bench of Magistrates were composed of liberal-minded gentlemen, neither saints nor bigots, but endowed with common sense, and the knowledge of the fondness of Englishmen for field sports, and the good results which flow from their indulgence in them. They sympathised, as might be expected, with the insult thus offered to the Duke and his friends, but Mr. Colam was as inexorable in his demand for their retirement as Brutus; and we have no doubt that when the Pall Mall Father returned to the bosom of his family he apostrophised them, and told them it was the greatest day in the Colam annals when he was enabled to teach the puissant Duke of Hamilton, that the law of England was no respecter of persons, as if his Grace had not before been inculcated with the idea. Of the conduct of the case we need only say the opening was as bad as the finish, and Colam came to grief as quickly as his Voightlander, although not to such an extent; and when Mr. Merryweather, who waited on him like Job Marson, and pounced on him at the finish for costs, the which were instantly granted, the Croydon curtain fell amidst tremendous applause, which the bench took no care to suppress. But while we sympathise with the 'Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals' for the loss their funds have sustained by this absurd and iniquitous prosecution, to which it was hounded on by some raving fanatics in sensational papers, we cannot think Mr. Crawshaw has much cause for complaint, inasmuch as it has made him 'the man of the hour;' and his mount on Voightlander has caused him to be as well known to the Sporting World, and the great body of the public, as Beecher on Vivian, Jem Mason on Lottery, and Seffort on Parasol, and that, too, at a much earlier period than those celebrities. Unfortunately 'Who's Who' came out too soon to have his name inserted in it, otherwise we are quite sure the erudite editor of that popular little work would have included it in its contents. But, badinage apart, Mr. Crawshaw was the last person to have selected for a prosecution of this sort, as, although he rides hard, he is the last person to hurt a horse, and has never lost one in any run with hounds. For

the stupid forger who, under the disguise of being a relative, wrote to the newspapers that the Yorkshire aristocracy had tried to stop him riding as a gentleman, we have no sufficient terms of contempt; and the prompt discarding and exposure of the would-be 'Attenborough' must have made the latter feel very small in his own estimation, as well as that of his friends, if he revealed his identity. The Soiled Dove case is over, and, as in transpontine dramas, villany is punished, and virtue proves triumphant. General Shirley and Mr. Arnold are warned off Newmarket Heath, and The Soiled Dove, after being turned out of the Nightingale's Cage at Epsom, has also been warned off Boyce's stable at Newmarket, and at Bloss's, to which she wended her way, in the hopes of finding shelter in her old nest, she experienced the same cold shoulder, all the sins of General Shirley being visited on her hapless head. This shutting of the door after the steed was stolen is so thoroughly in accordance with the high mental standard of the Metropolis of the Turf that it causes no surprise in our mind. But we are glad to hear that when the absurdity of treating Soiled Dove like a West India steamer with a case of yellow fever on board, by the Quarantine authorities at Southampton, came under the notice of Captain Machell, he instantly admitted her to pratique by ordering her to be taken into Mr. Chaplin's stables, and we do not suppose the morals of The Hermit will be corrupted by the association. No one can suppose for a single second that either of the above respectable trainers had the slightest cognizance of her being different to what she was represented. And although we share Admiral Rous's surprise that neither of them ever opened her mouth, even out of simple curiosity, we believe they only acted as nine-tenths of their class would have done, as they consider the probability of an animal being sent to them of a wrong age to be so absurdly remote, as to be not worth guarding against. Still, as what has been done once, may be done again, we have no doubt of the Newmarket dentists finding more employment for the future. Anything more rapid than the downward descent of General Shirley in the social scale of morality can scarcely be imagined, and from standing on the pinnacle of honour, he has slid down to its very base. It is only a very few years back he was in the enviable position of holding the Colonelcy of the 7th Hussars, with the Duke of Beaufort, Sir Lydston Newman, and men of that stamp under his command. As a soldier he enjoyed the very highest reputation, and in the hunting field there was scarcely a man in England who could beat him. In his regiment he preserved the highest tone and code of honour, and was less disposed to look over trifles than commanding officers who were considered to be far stricter disciplinarians. And now how are the mighty fallen! Debt, that lowerer of all principle, seems to have eaten up his very system, and he soon was an example of the old saying, 'That evil communications corrupt good manners.' Police reports bore witness to his shameful infamy and profligacy; and his old brother officers being compelled to give him up, he got from bad to worse; and mixing with a parcel of bill-discounters, second-rate trainers, and the lowest description of Haymarket legs and list-keepers, he crowns the evening of his life by being guilty of an act of fraud, which places him in the Turf Newgate Calendar, with the late Goodman Levy; and with miserable philosophy he appears to have acted up to the idea of it 'being better to reign in Hades than serve in Heaven.' However, there is yet time for repentance, and we hope he will take advantage of the opportunity to embrace it. Still, in continuance of the subject, it is gratifying to find that everybody besides the guilty parties was innocent of the mare being an old 'un, and not a leg got a shilling out of her. It is also rather extraordinary that she should have come to Richard Boyce's stables with a simple

direction on her, and that for some days he was ignorant to whom she belonged. But, of course, as she was good for her keep, although a stranger, he had compassion on her, and took her in, for doing which he will doubtless have his own reward hereafter; and should he, on his visit to London, look in at the Argyll, the Oxford, or the Alhambra, it is not at all improbable the Sisterhood may present him with some significant proof of their regard. On the Derby little or nothing has been doing since our last quotations, but on the Two Thousand there have been some movements worth watching. Plaudit has been the horse of the month and the month, and it is many a year since an animal has been so talked of or written about; while the legs of Vestris and Taglioni have never been so much discussed in an omnibus box. That there is an under current against the horse or his owner is palpable enough from what we read in the sporting newspapers. From what cause this has arisen we are unable to divine, for every possible facility has been afforded the Special Commissioners to report upon him, Major holding very different views respecting those gentlemen to Tom Jennings, and Plaudit has been as accessible as the Art Treasures of South Kensington; and although it is the fashion to decry these new additions to the staffs of newspapers, we by no means join in the movement, for their despatches enable the fanciers of a horse to get some idea of what he is like. Doctor Shorthouse's own Commissioner, we see, is also announced to be *en route* for Richmond; and as he combines the talents of a Spooner, a Field, a Mavor, and a Gamgee, we shall, like the rest of the friends of the horse, await the publication of his despatch with some interest. But the world will not be thoroughly satisfied until the Doctor goes down himself, and deals out to his 'patients' his own ideas of his legs and plasters, as we know there will be nothing kept back, and we shall be able to say with Hamlet, 'Look on this picture, and on that.' That Plaudit will be 'there or thereabouts' for the Two Thousand we think most likely; but if he gets through the Derby, he will owe his success more to Thormanby than Plausible, on the principle of 'like begetting like.' Both Julius and Vauban we anticipate being rattling favourites; and although April is an early month for a Butterfly, we are told in the North that there will be one on the Heath on the Two Thousand day which will take a great deal of catching. *Mais nous venons.*

The commencement of the breeding season has led to the annual controversy about the merits of the various Sires of the Day, and the most conflicting opinions are expressed respecting them. Our old contributor, North Countryman, has given a very exhaustive pen-and-ink sketch of Stockwell, in the 'Sporting Gazette,' and likewise his ideas of other horses. These are fiercely assailed by the Editor of the 'Sporting Times,' and it is only justice to the latter to state that he supports his arguments by some very disagreeable and awkward facts. Then 'Venator,' another Gazette writer, argues, and not without reason, against so many horses, which he enumerates, being put at such a high figure; and as he gives out he owns a few brood mares, it would go to show that exchequer considerations have some weight with him, as they doubtless have with other breeders. But we are rather surprised it has never occurred to 'Venator,' who, by his own showing, is well up in his subject, that, with regard to many of the horses he mentions, the prices are put up to prevent their being overrun with mares whose produce is not likely to do the animals any credit. With this view, no doubt, Sir Joseph Hawley has put Asteroid at fifty guineas, although we believe very few of his yearlings have been seen, whereas, now, good mares are at once insured to him. Newminster, we are glad to learn, did very well last season, nearly all his mares, including Caller Ou, La Touques, the Hampton Court and Mamhead mares being in

foal to him. This is satisfactory, for during last year some disparaging reports were in circulation respecting the old horse, who is looking as fresh as a four-year old, and a worse speculation might be entered into than purchasing the yearlings in a lot. They consist of four Newminsters, five Young Melbournes, seven Clarets, four Jordans, two Leamingtons, two Voltigeurs, a Blair Athol, a Carnival, a Citadel, an Underhand, an Oxford, and a Brother to Bird on the Wing. From Moorlands, which is close by, we are told the first of The Lord Clifden's has made its appearance in the shape of a colt out of Doorha, and is described to be a fine aristocratic little fellow, worthy of being the grandson of Newminster. Lady Clifden, also, at Fairfield, has become a mother, and produced a colt foal to Blair Athol, and Maccaroni's list is rapidly filling up at the same place. Returning South, we hear that at Mamhead, Crater still keeps at the head of the poll, and is all but full. Not to be overmarked, he is wisely limited to twenty-one mares, and the promise which we stated last year that his foals held out has, from all accounts, been fully realised as yearlings. Of the lots of the latter, which are now placed under the immediate charge of Mr. Dyer, whose repute as a veterinary surgeon in the West of England corresponds with that of Messrs. Spooner and Field in London, and who has left Torquay to reside at Mamhead, the best, we have heard, is the Duke of Edinburgh. This colt, who is by Stockwell out of Queen of Beauty, is said to combine all the Stockwell power, without a particle of the grossness which is not unfrequently allied to it. Already most of the big books for the Derby have been taken about him, and if he goes into any of the fashionable stables, he is certain to repay the early birds who have got on him. The loss of Mr. Cameron's stud of brood mares is one of the most frightful in the annals of breeders, for they all went at one fell swoop. However, if people will have prejudices, they must pay for them; and one would have imagined that common sense would have pointed out to Mr. C. the impolicy of trusting so precious a freight to a screw steamer in the Atlantic in the month of December. And if he chose to disregard the caution he received, he himself is the only person to blame in the matter. And when we consider the care and attention bestowed on the Belgravian Mothers of our large breeding establishments when they are in an interesting situation, we are lost in wonderment at the animals being permitted to leave England at such a season. Even the 'Racing Calendar,' which is not much given to sentiment, felt the shock, and in its announcements, for the first time in its official existence, gave expressions to its feeling of regret; a sufficient cause for our dwelling on the catastrophe. Far better would it have been had the mares remained where they stood before, or had been consigned to such a depot as the East Acton Stud Farm, which, from its size, convenience, and vicinity to London, is admirably adapted for a resting-place for blood stock intended for abroad, as there they might have been billeted until all fear of danger had been removed. This was the plan adopted by Mr. James Hall, the great exporter of thorough-bred stock to the Cape of Good Hope, and who found it thoroughly answer his purpose. At Acton the Scottish Chief is getting plenty of mares, and is certain to make a stallion; and Costa is also to be recommended for a particular class of mares, as no prettier little horse was ever foaled. Mr. Blenkiron has been rather unfortunate in losing Kate, at Easby Abbey, for her produce always sold well at Middle Park, where Mr. George Angell last year bought a very clever filly out of her, which at our suggestion, he named 'The Shew.' Gladiateur, we believe, has arrived at Eltham from Newmarket, where he was detained for some time on account of the severity of the weather, and we have no doubt he will have as large levees at Middle Park as Blair Athol at Fairfield, and we believe he is

all but full; and as he is to have none but approved mares, breeders will look for the first of his stock with no little amount of interest.

Our Hunting Budget is, as our readers may expect, somewhat limited in its size, and will not take much space in our vehicle, for hunters have been scarcely visible except from the corn-bins; and huntsmen and whips have been unshorn, from their masters having removed their racers for fear of their adding to the income of the county coroners. Happily all cause for anxiety on that score has been removed, and at the time of our packing up the sons and daughters of Furrier, Guider, Rasselas, and Trumpeter have resumed their studies of the vulpine race with renewed ardour. In Hampshire scarcely anything has been done, and certainly nothing worth repeating. Sir Bruce Chichester, the young Master of The Vine, and who succeeded Mr. Whieldon, has unfortunately had his season spoiled by ricking his back, which has compelled him to give up and retire to Brighton, leaving the command in the hands of that good sportsman Mr. Beach, who can give as good an account of a fox as of his vote in parliament. The Hursley, under Mr. Standish, have been lucky enough to snatch a couple of good days. One on the 5th, when they met at Cranbury Cross Roads and found at Ampfield Wood, which, thanks to Sir William Heathcote and his keepers, is never without foxes, and good ones too; and after a very fast 45 minutes in the open, he saved himself by going to ground. The other was on the 25th, when they met at Little Sombourn Park, had a good hunting run, and killed. Lord Gardner, who has abandoned The Shires and taken Wherwell Priory, near Stockbridge, is a frequent attendant with Mr. Dear's harriers, and thanks God there is not a wide ditch within ten miles of his house. To account for the change which has come o'er the spirit of his lordship's dream is impossible to those who recollect him in his prime at Melton, and when Frank Sheridan wrote

'With him no hunter ever dare refuse,  
So fine his hand, so damnable his Muse.'

This latter observation was in reference to his contributions to 'The Book of 'Beauty,' when Lady Blessington edited that Annual. At the same period also we read, in allusion to some run in Leicestershire,

'E'en Gardner owned the pace was good,  
But still would h'ad it faster if he could.'

Therefore who could have conceived the thought of the hero of such verse coming down from Ashby Pasture and Kirby Gate to Hampshire currant jelly? Verily we live in an age of miracles, and never expect to be surprised again. In the Isle of Wight, where they have a very useful pack of hounds, with a good Master and a huntsman, who is likewise a philosopher as regards diet, we are assured they have had some fair runs in spite of the weather; and Prince Christian, who occasionally joins the Hunt, has made himself very popular from his quiet, unaffected manner, and the unostentatious style in which he comes out. Mr. Barnett's long-expected retirement from The Cambridgeshire is announced, and it is said his son will reign in his stead. At all events, he is by far the best favourite. At Brighton, the system of 'capping' with the harriers has led to the exchange of some strong opinions on paper, but no further. No doubt the practice cannot be abolished, and perhaps there are good reasons for being more stringent in collecting them at London-super-Mare than elsewhere. Still, a crown for the sight of a Brighton harrier seems rather a high charge, when a whole hound show can be visited for a less sum; and the system of drawing in advance, or rather prepaying for your run, is a custom, we consider, which would be more honoured in the breach than the observance. But circumstances alter cases very much, and although no sportsman would grudge five

shillings for a gallop, he does not like to be told he cannot have it without parting with his money in the first instance. So much, however, depends upon the style and manner in which the demand is made, that it is difficult to give an opinion upon the subject, except to remind 'The Capper' of the old saying, that more flies are caught with honey than vinegar. In Lord Malden's country we are sorry to find some unpleasantness has occurred with an owner of coverts, who has warned his lordship not to draw them. The cause of the war was the old one of the Indian-imported bird, and, judging from the correspondence we have that has been published, we cannot help thinking that Mr. Norton, the proprietor of the coverts in question, only required a little judicious handling to have fallen into his lordship's views. Still we hope some basis for restoring the peace of the country may yet be found to treat upon, and the harmony and conviviality of the Hunt restored to its pristine condition.

The Cheshire, up to the commencement of the frost, enjoyed as good, if not better, sport than most other packs in their district, for they had some very fast things, killing their fox in good style, as well as some long hunting runs, but bad scent has been the general order of the day. The hounds are looking very well, and the men are admirably mounted on long, low, well-bred horses; and as they say they never were so well mounted in their lives, it seems almost a pity so good a lot of animals should be parted with at the end of the season. Happily there has been no return of the sad calamity which befel the young entry last summer, and this no doubt from the very severe remedy which the popular master adopted of destroying a large number of the young hounds and isolating others. This heavy loss to the pack was in a great measure removed by the kindness of various Masters of hounds consenting to furnish him with a couple of hounds from their own packs, which in many they could ill afford to do, their second drafts having been already made. There appears, however, every probability of the pack being restored to its original strength next season, as upwards of 70 couples of puppies are put out to walk. Such a thing as a blank day in Cheshire is hardly known, though there are some noble-minded Squires inhabiting the East side of the county who at one time keen sportsmen themselves, but now being no longer able or willing to go out, have become the most inveterate enemies to fox-hunting, and entirely destroyed the finest part of the country by the total annihilation of the foxes, and destruction of such gorse coverts as they possessed. Since we are told that threescore years and ten is the age of man, happily these gentlemen's days are numbered, and may those who succeed them be better disposed to the Noble Science. On the whole, the country is well preserved and the farmers well inclined towards fox-hunting, though the late cattle plague has driven many (who were not prohibited by their landlords) to break up more land, in consequence of which we now more frequently hear the cry of 'Ware wheat' than before. The fields with the Cheshire hounds this season are certainly not so great as they have been of late years; but this has been attributed to the very severe handling Manchester and Liverpool received during the 10 per cent. days, and from the fact of five days a week dividing the Members to a greater extent.

In Yorkshire hunting men have been snowed up almost as badly as Alpine shepherds, and as we can say nothing of the performances in the Field, we will gossip about 'The Flag Appointments,' which will interest many of our readers.

The great Hound Show in August, as is well known, caused an unusual amount of discussion on the breeding of foxhounds, and consequently stud hounds have been, lately, frequently seen travelling up and down the 'Lines.' Lord Portsmouth's useful old dog, Lincoln, is on a visit to Sir Charles

Slingsby, and Ganymede has also migrated from Eggesford to Lord Galway's (The Grove). Lord Poltimore's Archer, we believe, has taken a trip to Milton, for these Devonshire foxhunters have managed, in a few years, to breed very good-looking, powerful foxhounds, and are persuading their North-Country friends that their hounds are as 'good as they are fair.'

Sir John Trollope, who won the prize at York with Potentate, and has never got over it, but boldly sends his Clunker, to show himself on the flags at Bramham Park. Mr. Lane Fox, with confidence, forwards Furrier to Little Blytham kennels, and from thence to Eggesford; and Gainer has gone to Cattistock Lodge.

The York Club has been nearly deserted, now making it no easy matter to get about. Sir George Wombwell has returned from Melton, having had no great chance of showing himself and his ten clever chesnuts. In our youth we studied 'Nimrod's' runs; latterly Whyte Melville's thrilling descriptions of sport in the grass countries; till we fancy that in Leicestershire, with a good horse, and the heart to get a start, glory waits us. Alas! we find that, whether we play upon green or brown, without luck, it is no use; and without scent, plough countries have the most sport. Brown wins. The Bramham Moor ladies, all staunch supporters of fox-hunting, fearing that the miserable weather might cause their lords to get a trifle mouldy, without some occupation, have set on foot a ball, to be given in the Town-hall, Wetherby, on the 29th; and a right merry hop it will be. Leonard Lee, the Tod Heatley of the North is busy preparing oceans of champagne; and Sybarites might envy the Bramham-Moorites. The beauties, we know, all read 'The Van,' and we wish they could see in it a description of their cheery ball, and the best valses and galopers. But 'Baily' wants us that very night, to help him on with his *Green* coat, to 'hook-to' and start the 'Van' to all parts of the world, by rail and steam power; and if we cannot give any account of the regular doings of the Bramham-Moorites, we can, at least, narrate an account of an irregular sport, which has caused a deal of fun in the neighbourhood. It seems that, on the 21st of January, Captain Fairfax, bored with ice and snow, said to himself, 'This is all very well, but why not hunt?' So he took his harriers out of kennel, drew the pleasure ground at Newton Kyme for a hare, and found a fox, and ran him to Bramham Park in fifty minutes. Knowing the country, and the impediments being small, this peculiar and very enterprising young sportsman was able to ride with his hounds all the way. His fox went on to the woods, when he wisely called off his merry little pack, and having proved that the Guards, as of old, are always foremost in the field, why, 'Johnny came marching home.'

We have received first-rate accounts from the African Sporting Association, whose doings will be fully described in a future number. On the 4th inst., at Penthievre, a fine lioness and three boars were killed, and the party were about to beat for the old lion, whose whereabouts was pretty well known. As for small game, sacks of partridges have been bagged, besides woodcock, snipe, and all kinds of waterfowl.

Every one who has been in Vienna knows Daum's coffee-house, in the Kohlmarkt, the principal resort of the officers of the garrison. About a fortnight ago an impromptu cross-country race was got up between eight gentlemen (four officers and four civilians), for five hundred ducats, each riding a cab-horse barebacked. The course was from the Kohlmarkt, in Vienna, to the Grande Place in Presburg, a distance of about fifteen miles along the bank of the Danube. The start was effected at nine p.m., on Saturday night, and the winner, Baron Helbar, of the Cuirassiers, arrived in Presburg at 3.54 p.m.,

which was good work, considering the darkness of the night, and that the roads were heavy from incessant rain. Count Emile Teschen came in second, at 4.15 a.m., and the last of the eight turned up at ten a.m.

The Jockey Club at Vienna has taken temporary rooms at Hotel Munsch, in the Mehlmarkt, and we may expect to hear of fair sport. Count Harrach, who is one of the principal supporters of the Turf in Austria, has a splendid stud at Asher, one of his estates on the Danube, near Lintz, but unfortunately the Prussians carried away some of his horses during their raid in Bohemia.

Our Obituary List is not a long one; still it includes one name that we, in common with every other lover of honest racing, would like to have kept out of it for many a year to come: we allude, of course, to the Marquis of Exeter. As our account of him has been taken far and wide, a compliment of which we are fully sensible, we need say very little in addition to it here. The saying of 'there are spots in the sun' could never apply to the late Marquis, who was as pure in his racing ideas as he was sincere in his political ones, and he ever nobly maintained the dignity of the English Peerage. It is true he never, to our knowledge, entertained jockeys at Burleigh, but he was not the less kind to them, and he was as constant to Norman as Mr. Sutton is to Thomas, and was ever ready to make excuses for his riding when it was criticised in a hostile manner. He was a very high trier, and would never leave any point in doubt. To John Scott his partiality was very great; and when he stopped at Malton, which he invariably did when passing to and fro to Scarborough, he was always pleased with everything he saw, and the Stable were much attached to him, for his demeanour was so kind and placid to every member of it. We fear his large fortunes were somewhat impaired towards the end of his life by his desire to increase his territory as a landowner, otherwise he would never have diminished his stud to such an extent as he had done latterly. He was an eminently religious man, and tried hard to get the Newmarket Meetings put off from commencing on a Monday, in order to prevent the consequent Sunday travelling. But handicap considerations were too potent to be overcome, and he failed in his laudable attempt, which is much to be regretted, as the reform would have been a desirable one to have accomplished. It was rather strange that the late Marquis should have been generally considered a close man, whereas in reality he was a most liberal landlord to his tenants; and only last year, having heard that one of his chief occupiers had been nearly ruined by the cattle plague, he wrote him a letter expressive of his sincere sympathy, and hoping he should see him at his Audit dinner: he enclosed him a receipt for his whole year's rent, which we are assured amounted to a pretty considerable sum. Acts like these carry their own comments. In conclusion, while Newmarket is in existence, the second Marquis of Exeter will ever be associated with it, and future Chroniclers of the English Turf, when detailing its history, will place his Lordship at the very head of its supporters. Sir John Villiers Shelley was a man of a very different stamp, and more remarkable for sharpness of dealing than any other quality. He was formerly Adjutant of the Blues, which regiment he left for reasons well known to military men, but which would not interest our readers. He was for some few years in Forth's stable, and won the Goodwood Stakes with Lucy Banks. He also had Watchdog and Tarella, and many others whose names do not occur to us at the moment. He did not stay very long on the Turf, but took to politics, and his end was hurried no doubt by the failure of the Bank of which he had been made the chairman. Charles Peek will be missed at Malton, from his cheery, lighthearted disposition, which he maintained to the last.



He was a very fair trainer, but fell into the mistake of considering 'all his 'geese to be swans,' which was rather expensive for their owners. He trained for Major Yarburgh, Mr. Stanhope Hawke, Mr. Pedley, Sir Richard Bulkeley, Mr. R. H. Jones, and Mr. W. Graham, and for all of these he won in their turn, the greatest races being the Great Yorkshire for Major Yarburgh with Miss Sarah, and the same event for Mr. Pedley with Old Dan Tucker. To the last he maintained he had been done out of the St. Leger twice by four-year olds, but his friends only smiled at his delusions. The sudden removal of Mr. Graham's horses affected him very much, for he had been very careful with them. Latterly his eldest son took the leading part in the management of the stable, and we presume will still go on with it. Mr. Peek's illness was not a long one, and his decease took all his neighbours and friends by surprise, for he looked to have many years in him, although he had seen sixty-five summers.

Sporting gossip is not very plentiful, and, but for the Billiard Handicaps at the St. James's Hall, we know not how the Ring would have kept themselves alive during the snow. Nothing could be better than the arrangements of those entertainments; but, although the fields were large, the betting was limited, which was all the better for the establishment 'where the love of the turtle' prevails, as much as it did in the eye of Byron in the Isle of Abydos. And it is really a boon on the part of the proprietor to offer to the West-enders the luxury which was formerly supposed to be confined to aldermen and dividend receivers. It is said, we know not with what degree of truth, that the idea of forming a Turtle Dépôt in Piccadilly was originated with a view of diminishing the City traffic; and if this be the case, as far as our experience goes, the experiment has been attended with the most perfect success. It is fortunate, also, that the Oyster Buffet, which is 'own sister' to it, had not been brought out in the days of Dando, otherwise that connoisseur would have made it first favourite. The Duke of Hamilton, who, through the agency of his Commissioner, has been restored to the Halls of his Ancestors, and received with true Scotch loyalty, has had some wonderful woodcock shooting in the Isle of Arran, where in three days, with four guns, he killed no less than two hundred and five cocks, which is better sport than he could have had either in Albania or Corfu. To the Punchestown programme, in our advertising sheet, we faintly would call the earnest attention of our steeple-chase readers, who will perceive the liberal sums of money added to the stakes will amply reward them for crossing the Channel, and making the acquaintance of a set of high-minded, honourable Sportsmen, who will take care they will have a clear stage for their horses, and no advantage taken over them. Objections, we perceive, have been urged against the strictness of some of the conditions, but we fear they were called for by the lax state of discipline which of late had been observed at Meetings of a lower grade than Punchestown, and which it was desirable to observe. We admit the Stewards to have taken a great deal of power into their hands, but we can assure those who are interested in the races, they are the last persons to abuse it. Of the Jockeys we have heard but little during the month, except that Custance and Fordham had a grand Testimonial Dinner given to them at the Pall Mall by some of their aristocratic admirers, and Hibberd has got the death vacancy in the French stable at Newmarket.







